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NEW SERIAL STORY BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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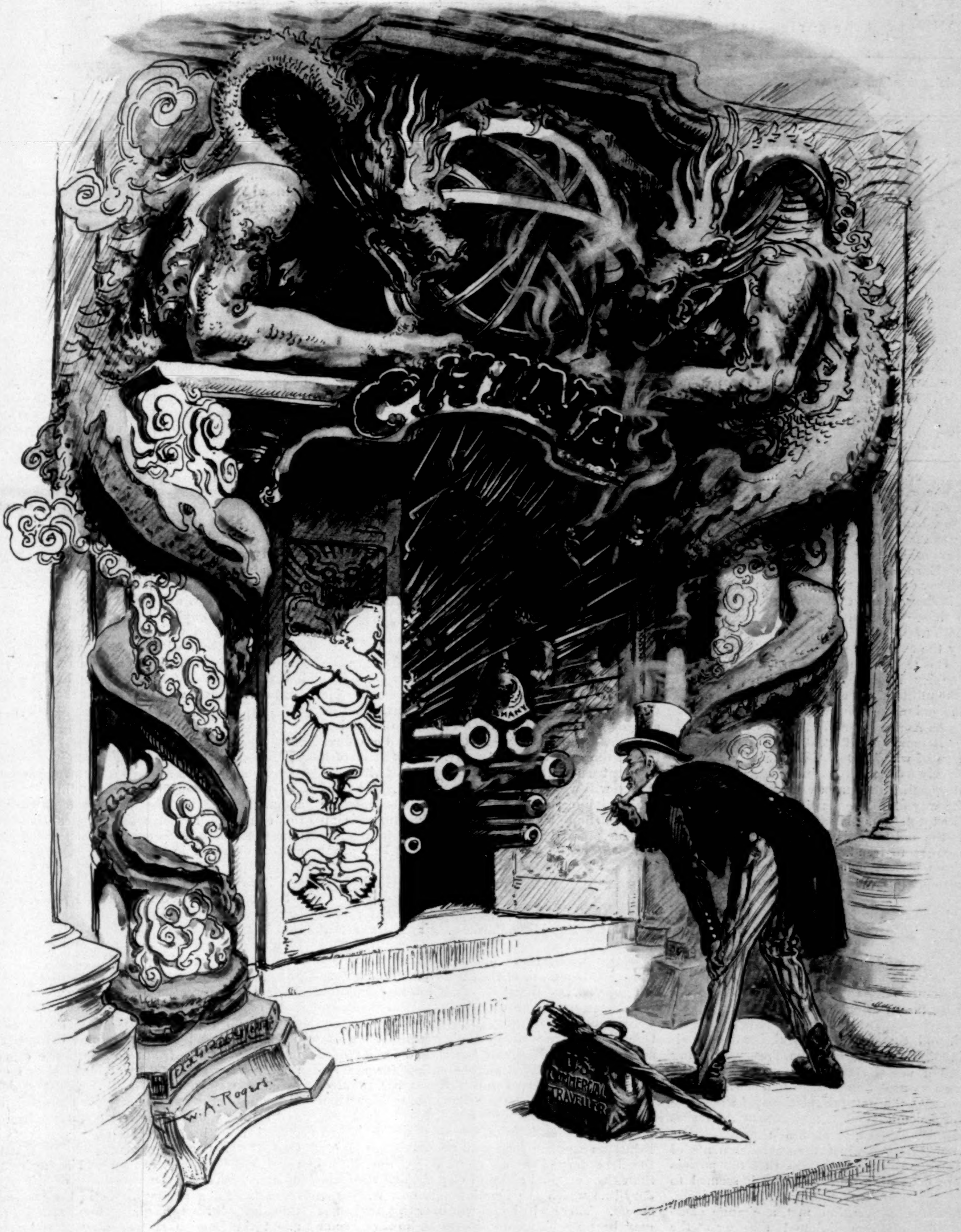
CHINA
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U.S. COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER
W. A. Rogers.

"THE OPEN DOOR!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(*TWENTY-FOUR PAGES*)

NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 5, 1899

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The Peace Conference

THE meeting of the Tsar's Peace Conference has furnished us with a new illustration of the power of public opinion. When the astounding invitation of the young ruler appeared, the world was at first inclined to believe the author a dreamer, and his proposal one of the unrealities of sentimentalism, which, however, so often in the course of time become actualities. Later many shrewd cynics were inclined to think that the Tsar, honest enthusiast though he might be, was a puppet in the hands of Count **MOURAVIEFF** and the other able men who rule the destinies of Russia, and who had advised that the military empire should give to its rivals an opportunity to disarm—an opportunity which, in the opinion of these astute statesmen, they would be sure to reject, thereby leaving to Russia a free hand in Asia or wherever else she might see fit to carry her encroachments.

The question of the motives which inspired or induced the Tsar's invitation to disarm is now of little importance. The reasons that were given for the invitation were sound and strong. The people of Europe and America have discussed them, and have reached the conclusion that war is not only barbarous, but that the burdens of preparation for it are deterrents of civilization, and injurious both to the state and the individual. In a small way the conference has formulated this conclusion. It is true that nothing practical has been done or achieved looking to the actual disarmament of the military powers, but it was not expected that the end of the movement would be attained at once. As Ambassador **WHITE** says of the conference, "It marks the first stage of abolition of the scourge of war." Doubtless the Tsar himself saw as clearly as the most minute and detail-loving military mind in Europe the practical difficulties in the way of the realization of his expressed hope and expectation. He set forth the end to be attained—the end towards which our modern civilization ought to trend. He instituted a movement whose perfect consummation may require the steady progress of years, perhaps of a century.

The evidence of the force and influence of public sentiment was clear to any one who was at the Hague during the week or ten days that preceded the assembling of the conference on the 18th of May. The atmosphere of the Hague was at first most unpromising. The Roman Catholics were angered because, in deference to Italy, the Pope was not invited. The Dutch of the capital were annoyed, and therefore distrustful, because President **KRUGER** was left out, the Transvaal being considered a vassal state. The members of the conference were diplomats who had been trained to believe that the natural relations of states are distrust, suspicion, rivalry, and enmity, and that the main dependence of domestic prosperity is armed preparation against the encroachments of other states. As it was certain that the powers would not consent to disarmament, it seemed to be agreed that the conference would be a failure. But before the convention met, a change came over the spirit of those diplomats residing at the Hague who were to be members of the conference. The people at home had been heard from so unmistakably that the men of politics and diplomacy were first silenced, and then transformed into active agents for the accomplishment, to use the words of one of them, of "some little thing." M. **BOURGOIS**, the French minister at the Hague, was the first to discover that the matter had progressed beyond the prayer-meeting stage. He was literally deluged with petitions from the women of France, and when he went to Paris for his final instructions he discovered that the peasant President of the republic was much influenced by these women, upon whose shoulders rest the industrial burdens of the country, because the men have been conscripted into the army. Never was there seen such a sudden change in the political temperature. To coldness succeeded a warm enthusiasm, which was greatly increased by the arrival of the American and British delegations with their plans of general arbitration.

Even after the change in the sentiment of the conference began to be observable, it was thought the plans of arbitration were impossible. But the people at home thought otherwise, and their opinions and moods found expression not only in newspapers, but in letters and petitions. In the end, therefore, a plan was adopted, and a treaty has been drawn, which may or may not be signed by all the powers that were represented at the conference. It is not to be doubted, however, that it will be signed by the two whose delegates were the leading advocates of the principle.

Other steps were taken looking to the accomplishment of the general object of the Tsar's invitation. A treaty was prepared modifying and humanizing the laws and customs of war on land, while a convention against the employment of certain forms of projectiles was also submitted. The conference further expressed sympathy with the Tsar's recommendation for disarmament, and substantial agreement with his argument as to the material and moral burdens of present armaments. They also advised a further conference for the purpose of considering the revision and extension of the Geneva Convention; in other words, for the abolition of pillage at sea.

These are the principal outcomes of the Tsar's conference, and they make it possibly one of the greatest of human agents that have ever existed for the advancement of civilization. Its main importance is that it expresses the will of the people, who, in our modern times, have the last word. Their ideal is peace, and the conference discovered this and obeyed it. In view of this, it matters little whether the Tsar's hope was a dream or the cunning device of disingenuous statesmen. The conference was not controlled by the Tsar or **MOURAVIEFF** or the Kaiser, but by the people, and especially by the people of the United States, Great Britain, France, and Germany, before whose concentrated purpose Tsars and Kaisers are nothing.

AT the meeting of the National Democratic Committee at Chicago it was evident that Mr. **BRYAN** was in a conciliatory mood. He wants the support of the gold Democrats. But he and his party have thus far been able to formulate only one definite policy—that silver shall be coined free at the ratio of 16 to 1. Mr. **BRYAN** talks of a war on trusts, but he cannot tell us what kind of a war he will wage or what is his remedy. He talks against "imperialism," but what will he do? He has no definite plan, and mere abandonment is impossible. On the only issue on which he is clear and definite the gold Democrats must be against him.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER in a recent speech in the Dominion Parliament announced that the Alaskan boundary dispute must be settled by war or arbitration; that compromise was impossible. This remark of the Canadian Premier must not be taken as a threat of war, but as a preparation for settlement. The dispute, at this moment, involves matters of very little importance. The Canadians have abandoned their claim for a line straight across the Lynn Canal, and have agreed that they will make no contention for the territory in which Dyea and Skagway are situated. They ask, or insist, however, that they shall have an outlet to the sea. The actual dispute may be seen from our map, which is published on another page, and on which are shown the boundary-line as claimed by the United States, the original claim of Canada, and the boundary-line which the Dominion is now willing to accept. There will be no war over this, and there may be no arbitration. There is, however, some food for reflection. The United States and Great Britain would have had no trouble whatever on this boundary question but for Canada, and Canada has produced more than one cause for quarrel between this country and the Empire, which the self-restraint and real friendship of the two powers have prevented from degenerating into war. In powers and privileges Canada is practically independent; in obligations she is a dependent of Great Britain. She is often moved to take an untenable and offensive attitude in her dealings with this country because Great Britain must respond for her, must assume her quarrel, and must defend her. So far as the Empire is concerned, the present government, at least, always yields to the demands of the great colony, even at serious risk to its honor. The action of Lord **SALISBURY** in the Bering Sea negotiations with Secretary **BAYARD** furnishes the most notable instance of this. It is high time that Canada should be taught that she must regard the higher interests of the Empire in her dealings with this country. Great Britain is not going to war with us over Canada's quarrels, and therefore Sir **WILFRID LAURIER'S** statement that war is now even a remote possibility is not true.

THE last report of the Shakspere Memorial Association of Stratford-on-Avon will be very interesting to Americans. It shows that of the 13,000 visitors to the memorial building last year one-quarter came from this country. Notwithstanding this flood of pilgrims to the shrine of English-speaking pilgrims, the American window in Trinity Church, **SHAKSPERE'S** burial-place, remains unfinished, and is in the same condition as when Mr. **BAYARD** unveiled it several years ago. It is pathetically stated in a placard in the church that if every American visitor will give one dollar, the window will be completed in a short time. It is not a very great window, the opportunity for an important work not being presented by the space available in the transept. The Englishman who gave the window in the choir was able to do much better by **SHAKSPERE'S** burial-place than the Americans can possibly do. Still, the window is a worthy example of modern glass, and it ought to be completed. Contributions, however, lag, as contributions for like purposes always will after the first outburst of enthusiasm is spent. Perhaps it would be best not to wait for the contributions of visiting Americans. They too often arrive at Stratford in the night, and leave by the noon train of the next day, seeing what they can through the narrow windows of a cab. Probably if they should remain longer, breathing the air of **SHAKSPERE'S** country, discovering the banks "whereon the wild thyme blows," and the almost innumerable and always charming foot-paths that encircle the enchanted town, listening to the music of the thrushes and larks and nightingales, they might be ashamed to go away without contributing their dollar to the completion of what their countrymen have begun, and which, in its present unfinished state, stands somewhat as a rebuke to American sincerity and generosity. But, as we have said, it is best not to wait for the tourists, but to raise and send on the money in advance of them.

THE guardians of the Fulham workhouse, in London, have adopted a plan for the classification of paupers which ought certainly to commend itself to the poorhouse authorities of this country. Hitherto the inmates of this London workhouse, in accordance with the general custom observed in poorhouses, have been classified simply according to age. Some four years ago it was decided to subdivide the paupers with reference to their moral character, their behavior, or their previous habits. And now a still further step has been taken. Two comfortable and well-furnished wards—one for men and the other for women—have been provided for those who are classified as the "aged and deserving poor"; in other words, for those above sixty-five who have been reduced to such poverty that they become charges on the state through no fault of their own, but, in the main, through the weaknesses and incapacity arising from old age. The other day these wards were opened, and about sixty men and as many women were taken from the association of the unworthy and vicious poor and made happy and comfortable for the rest of their days. Why should not this plan be adopted everywhere? One of the horrors of pauperism to a sensitive mind is the prospect not only of losing caste, but of associating for the remainder of life with the outcasts of the community. If the poor-law authorities of New England, for example, should adopt the London system, they would probably come across fewer paupers in the future who prefer solitary starvation to the poorhouse.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

IF the death of Colonel Ingersoll has been a relief to the religious people of the country, their resignation to it has found very slight expression. Many good persons, and some deacons and persons of known piety, have mourned for him unaffectedly. He was a genial, kind man, devoted to his family and his friends, and beloved by them, and cordially liked also by a great number of acquaintances. The sentiment that obtained very widely twenty years ago, that he was an emissary of Satan, whose chief delight was to promote the progress of the injudicious towards eternal punishment, has of late years very much died away. No doubt his boisterous hostility to revealed religion hurt him. It did not take a profound mind to see that most of his discourse on religious matters, though, in a way, eloquent, was shallow, and that he spent much time and strength in kicking dead dogs—an exercise which, though amusing to his audiences, and financially profitable to himself as a lecturer, did not add to his reputation as a thinker or as a man. Religious belief has progressed very much in the United States since the days when Colonel Ingersoll began to combat it. Few sane persons nowadays distress themselves about the fate of unbaptized infants, or about foreordination and the prospective discomfiture of persons who had not the good fortune to be of the little company of the elect. It would seem as if we of this generation had more confidence, theoretically, in the goodness and justice of God than our grandfathers had, and were readier to dismiss from our minds without scruple or struggle intentions imputed to Him by theologians which seem contrary to our instinctive sense of justice. We are satisfied that God is good, and in any theology which, to our minds, represents him as cruel, we simply say there is some mistake.

The obituaries of Colonel Ingersoll recall that his father was a Congregational minister, and that the son got his antagonism to Calvinism not by inversion, but by direct inheritance, for the father held, and suffered for, some of the opinions that the son afterwards professed with such profuse rhetorical energy.

The greatest compliment that was ever paid to Colonel Ingersoll's powers as an assailant of dogmatic religion was when the Christian Endeavorers, some years ago, made a concerted effort to compass his conversion by prayer. The most effectual snub that he received was doubtless when in a Presidential convention in recent years he was sent out on the platform to speak and the convention refused to hear him.

The newspapers speak of the extreme distress of his immediate family at his death. That indicates, of course, how greatly he was beloved, but it suggests also that to persons reared in careful seclusion from all religious belief death may naturally be a more overwhelming incident than to those whose training has made it a habit of mind to think of death as a passage from one sphere of life to another.

Agnosticism doubtless saves trouble in some particulars, but when it goes so far (as apparently it did in Colonel Ingersoll's case) as to annihilate faith and all belief in things not proved, it is dearly bought. We ought all to think what we think, and to think it freely, but some beliefs are so natural to humanity, and so reasonable, that we may fairly suspect that the thoughts of the professed "free-thinkers," who decline to entertain them, are quite as much restricted by the bondage of their professed agnosticism as those of most believers are by the tenets of their creed.

OUR neighbor the New York *Sun*, in speaking of Colonel Ingersoll as an assailant of the Christian faith, finds that the injury he did to theology was trifling in comparison to that wrought by the "infidels of the new school recruited from the ranks of Christian theology, who gave to the criticism in which he indulged an authority he had not—the authority of special scholarship."

The *Sun* means, no doubt, that Dr. Briggs and his like are much more dangerous infidels than Ingersoll was. Yet this same *Sun* which shudders so at Briggs's heresies, through Mr. Hazeltine, who does so many of its book reviews, has been one of the most notable instruments for spreading abroad knowledge of these very views it so abhors. All that the present paragrapher knows of the writings of Renan he read years ago in the Sunday *Sun;* nearly all he knows about the writings of Dr. Briggs he got from the same source and very recently. If Dr. Briggs's opinions are so damnable as the *Sun* suspects, that paper had better lay aside a share of its annual dividends to pay for masses to get its owners and editors through purgatory. Hell fire they will get sure-pop if any is distributed on Briggs's account, for what he has thought they have published eagerly and widely. Sporadic editorial paragraphs scoffing at Briggs will avail nothing in the eyes of Justice in comparison with those solid pages signed "M. W. H.," and devoted to elucidation and conveyance of all the discoveries of the higher criticism.

HORATIO ALGER, who died on July 17, was perhaps better known to the boys of thirty years ago than to the present generation. He wrote about forty books for boys, including the "Ragged Dick" and "Luck and Pluck" series, which, in their day, afforded a highly acceptable pabulum to thousands of youthful readers. He was born in Revere, Massachusetts, in 1834, graduated at Harvard in 1852, and became a Unitarian minister, but eventually found a more congenial field in the study of boy life in New York, and in making books for boys to read.

THE progress of the dispute between Mr. Kipling and the Messrs. Putnam, over the action of the Putnams in selling uniform sets of Mr. Kipling's books, is watched with calm interest by a public which shows no disposition to become in the least excited. It has a good opinion of both contestants and very vague notions of the merits of the case. Mr. Kipling has, apparently, talked to the London *Author* about his position, and accused the Putnams of wishing to trade on the quickened interest in his works which resulted from his illness. He is also reported as saying that the Putnams have made him responsible before a public to which he peculiarly owes the best and most honest work he can turn out "for an egregious padded fake." The Messrs. Putnam reply that they began making up their sets before Mr. Kipling took sick, and they are unable to see that the sets which they vend are fairly characterized in the terms which Mr. Kipling uses.

It is a sad controversy, but it is not depressing any one, unless, perhaps, it is the Messrs. Putnam, who find themselves obliged to pay out useful money to defend themselves in what they hold to be their right as booksellers to put money into Mr. Kipling's pocket by selling his copyrighted books. So far the dispute has been happily free from all international complications.

A RUMOR came from Boston the other day, and got into print in New York, that the Republican State Committee in Massachusetts was looking about for a good man to succeed Senator Hoar. Mr. Hoar, it said, was too strong an anti-expansionist to suit the Massachusetts Republicans, and it was suggested that Governor Wolcott, or Secretary Long, or General Draper, or Congressman Moody would supplant him as Senator from Massachusetts. The suggestion is not coming true with much of a rush. Mr. Moody scouts the idea of running for the Senate against Mr. Hoar, and General Draper (our present ambassador to Italy), "would not think of being a candidate against Mr. Hoar." Both gentlemen are confident that Senator Hoar will be his own successor.

It pleased some excitable persons at one time to affect to regard Senator Hoar as a "traitor" because he was opposed to the policy of the administration in the Philippines. The majority of the voters in the country were not of Mr. Hoar's mind in that matter, but the number that looked upon him as an enemy of his country because he opposed expansion is very, very small. If we ever get half as firm a hold on the Philippines as Senator Hoar has on Massachusetts, our reasonable desires in that country will be much easier of execution than they are at present.

NOTWITHSTANDING it is the rainy season in the Philippines and military operations there are partially suspended, we are having a lively summer, abundantly accentuated with strife and deeds of violence. There has been a good imitation of civil war in Cleveland. As to the merits of the strike of the street-railway employés of that town the general public knows little, but we have all seen that the settlement which was reached was not lasting, and at this writing life in Cleveland must be full of perils and disturbance. We read of cars blown up by dynamite there, of bystanders shot by combatants, of barricades in the streets, of regiments of militiamen, of women urging on their men and boys to battle. We know that order will come out of all this chaos after a time, but meanwhile we blush for the chaos.

IN New York the street-railway men have been restless, but have made no very serious trouble. The newsboys and district-telegraph messengers have done what they could to agitate the summer population, but the infractions of the peace have been noisy rather than grave. Brooklyn has had a worse time of it, and has suffered some inconvenience, but nothing like what she has known in some former years.

THERE has been another extensive negro hunt in Georgia. A woman is said to have been assaulted by two negroes at Saffold on July 20. Up to July 25 five negroes had been lynched on account of this crime, and several other deaths were likely to follow. The custom in these cases seems to be to extort confessions from the perpetrators of the crime when caught, and then to hunt down and kill all negroes implicated by the criminals' testimony. Heaven knows what degree of justice or injustice is done! At such times the wildest and most improbable tales seem to find credence, and when the killing is all over, and denial is made that any of the men killed were guilty of anything, it is impossible to disprove the denial. There is no machinery for proving a man's guilt after you have killed him. It has been asserted repeatedly, and is very widely believed, that Sam Hose, who was roasted in Georgia last spring, was guilty of no worse crime than killing a man in self-defence; and as for Strickland, the old negro preacher who was killed at the same time, the charges against him were improbable, to say the least. Now it will be asserted that there was no assault committed at Saffold, and that the gang of negroes who were said to be accessories were innocent. There will be no record of their guilt, no recorded testimony, nothing to show for their taking off but pistols, ropes, and scalps. Lynching is surely very unsatisfactory. There is a strong feeling against it now in the South, and here's hoping that it will grow. The papers said last week that a Georgian named Cardell, who captured Mack, one of the principals in the crime at Saffold, secreted his prisoner with intent to get him to jail, and only gave him up when a rope had been put around his own neck and hanging threatened.

THERE are more than 44,000 tenement-houses on Manhattan Island, and new ones are being built at the rate of about 2000 a year. These new ones ought to be model houses, free from all the defects of their predecessors, and fit for the business they are built for. But they are not. Secretary Veiller of the Tenement-house Committee of the Charity Organization Society says they are in many respects worse than the old tenements, being ill-ventilated, ill-lighted, and unhealthy. This committee, of which Mr. Veiller is secretary and Mr. F. W. Holls is chairman, includes among its twelve members George B. Post, R. W. Gilder, Dr. Felix Adler, and Jacob A. Riis. It proposes to make clear to every one the merits and defects of tenement-houses, old and new, by giving, next December, an exhibition of all phases of the tenement-house problem. It will show models of existing tenements, "dumbbell" tenements built under the present law, and model tenements, and with the help of plans, diagrams, photographs, charts, and figures it will try to present the whole subject of housing the working population of cities in such a form that it may be conveniently and intelligently studied. The exhibition once formed, it is proposed to take it to Brooklyn, Boston, Chicago, and other cities, and perhaps to send it to the World's Fair in Paris. The plan seems a good one. The executive committee which has it in charge consists of Messrs. E. R. L. Gould, I. N. Phelps Dodge, and R. W. De Forest.

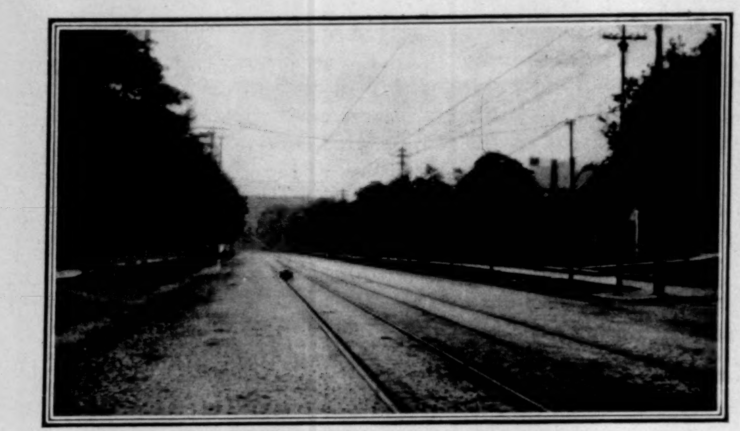
THE fourth international convention of the Epworth League was recently held in Indianapolis, beginning July 20. The league is a religious organization of the Methodist Church. Two subjects which got special consideration from its committee on resolutions were Roberts, the polygamist Congressman, and the army canteen. On the latter subject the feeling was so strong that it was proposed to pass a resolution asking the President to retire Attorney-General Griggs from his cabinet because of his decision that the anti-canteen law passed by the last Congress did not abolish the canteens. Two members of the committee on resolutions are quoted, in the Chicago *Times-Herald* of July 21, as saying that the committee were ready to condemn Mr. Griggs, and that "if some of them have their way, which is not unlikely, this convention will unite in requesting a Methodist President to accede to the wishes of a great Methodist society."

There is a story that as Francis Jeffrey was once walking in the street some one said, "There goes Jeffrey, the lame lawyer." He overheard, and turning, said with some sharpness, "Lame *man*, sir; not lame lawyer." Major McKinley may be a Methodist man, but if he is a Methodist President he is what he ought not to be; and if he should listen, as a Methodist, to the request of a great Methodist society in such a matter as the canteen question, he would do what he ought not to do, and what, doubtless, he will not do. That the Epworth League should try to use its power as a religious body to regulate such a matter as the army canteen is scandalous. Whether the proposed resolution was passed or not does not appear, but the words of the committeemen are enough to show the sort of influence that passed the ineffectual anti-canteen bill, and which hopes to pass another. The interest of the soldier, and nothing else, should settle the canteen question, and that seems to be the opinion of the administration.

THE appointment of Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts will give pleasure to thousands of Americans in and out of Massachusetts who like to see a distinguished name continue to coruscate in the second generation. They make good law in Massachusetts, and the list of the judges of that commonwealth includes many names of very high authority. Judge Holmes has been a Supreme Court judge for seventeen years, and has been acting Chief Justice since the recent death of Justice W. A. Field.

AN absurd article by Lombroso, in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, on "An Epidemic of Kisses in America," has very naturally caused the sanity of the Italian sociologist to be questioned. Doubtless he is sane enough to go at large, but doubtless also the balance of his faculties is sufficiently impaired to make it impossible for him to see his fellow-creatures as they are. He sees men not as trees walking, but as itinerant mental diseases. Specialists are apt to become cranks and to lose something of their sense of proportion. Lombroso's case is notoriously and obviously one in point. He has raised so many spooks, and so accustomed himself to see them, that he is no longer able to distinguish between the sociological spectre and the real man.

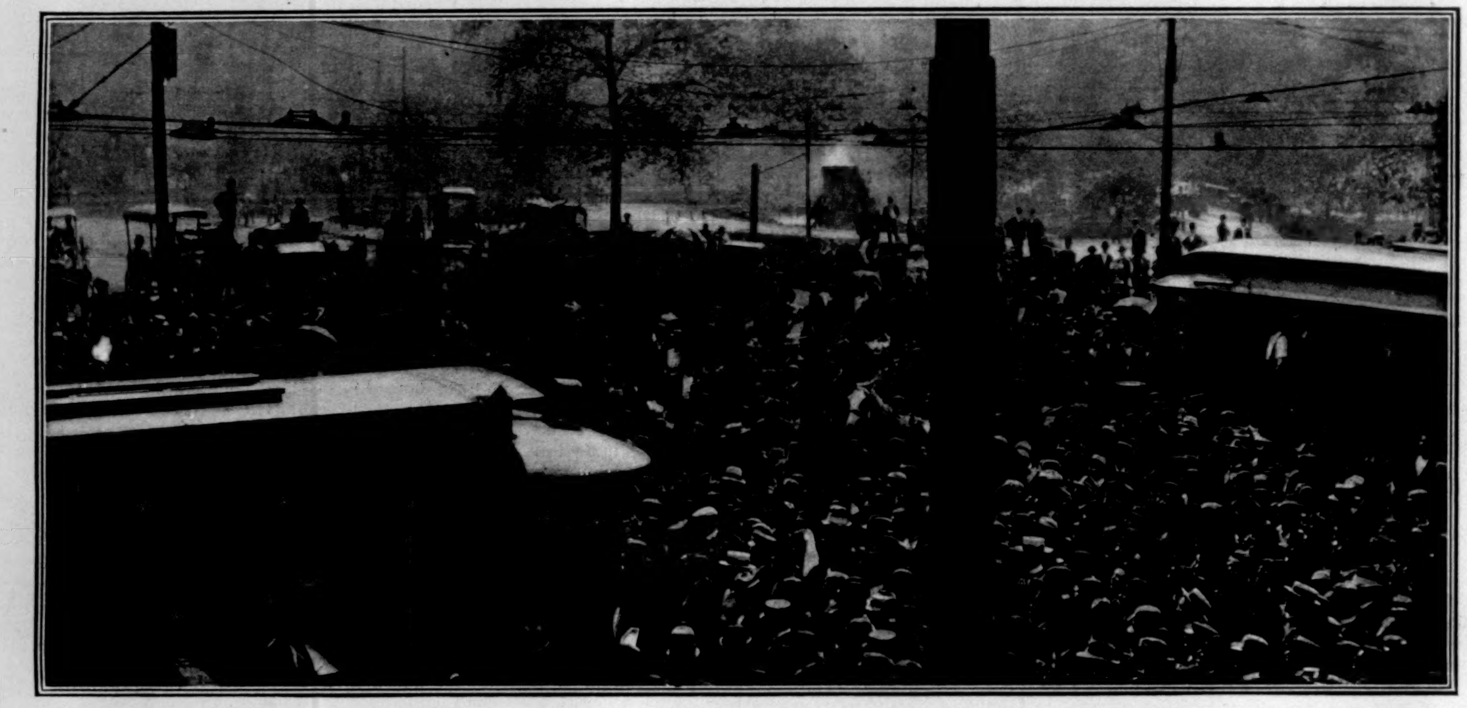
THE plague is loose in the earth. We don't think much about it here, but it is carefully watched in Europe. Four years ago it broke out in China. Thence it spread to some parts of British India, where it still flourishes, especially at Bombay. It is lately reported to have passed the Suez Canal and shown itself in Alexandria, which makes all the ports of Europe liable to its approach. Doubtless it could be stamped out in any port of Europe where it got a footing, but it would call for energetic measures. Our front and back doors both open to the East nowadays, and traffic is brisk through both of them.



Cross indicates Point of Explosion.

EUCLID AVENUE, WHERE A CAR WAS BLOWN UP, SERIOUSLY INJURING FOURTEEN PERSONS.

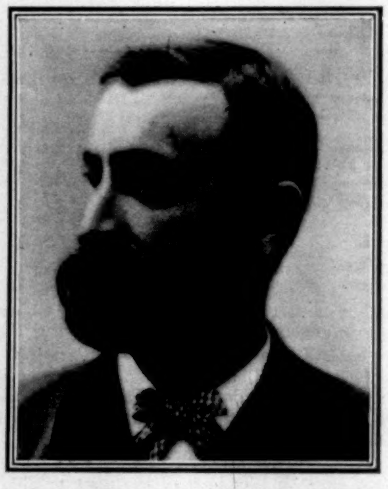
CENTRAL ARMORY, WHERE THE 4TH REGIMENT, O. N. G., IS QUARTERED.



CARS HELD UP BY RIOTERS AT ONTARIO STREET AND EUCLID AVENUE.

CHANGE OF FIRM SALE!
DENTIST
HOM FURNIS COMP

PUBLIC SQUARE, ONTARIO STREET—IMPROVISED OMNIBUSES IN THE FOREGROUND.

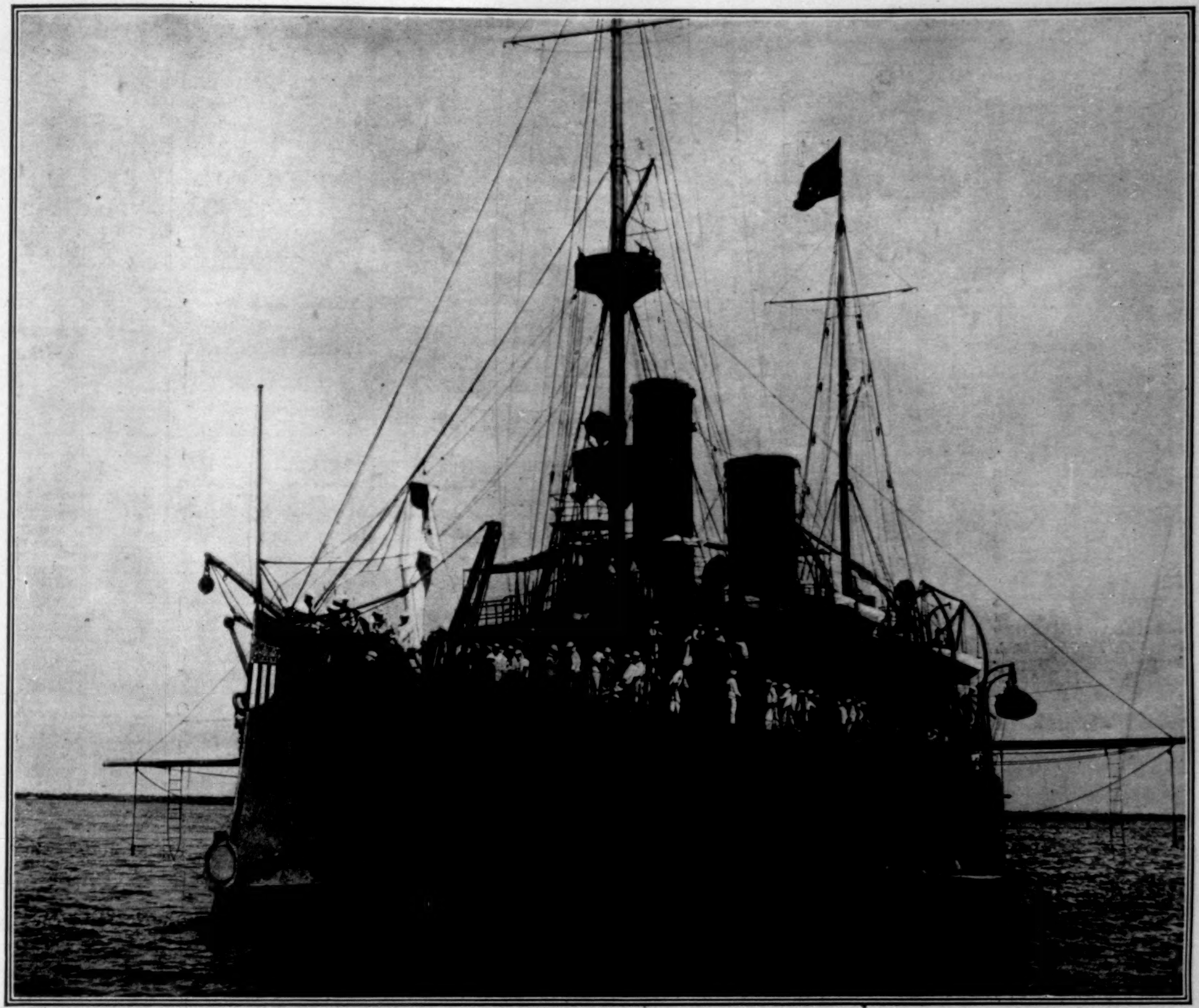


JOHN H. FARLEY,
Mayor of Cleveland.
Photograph by C. F. Hunger & Co.

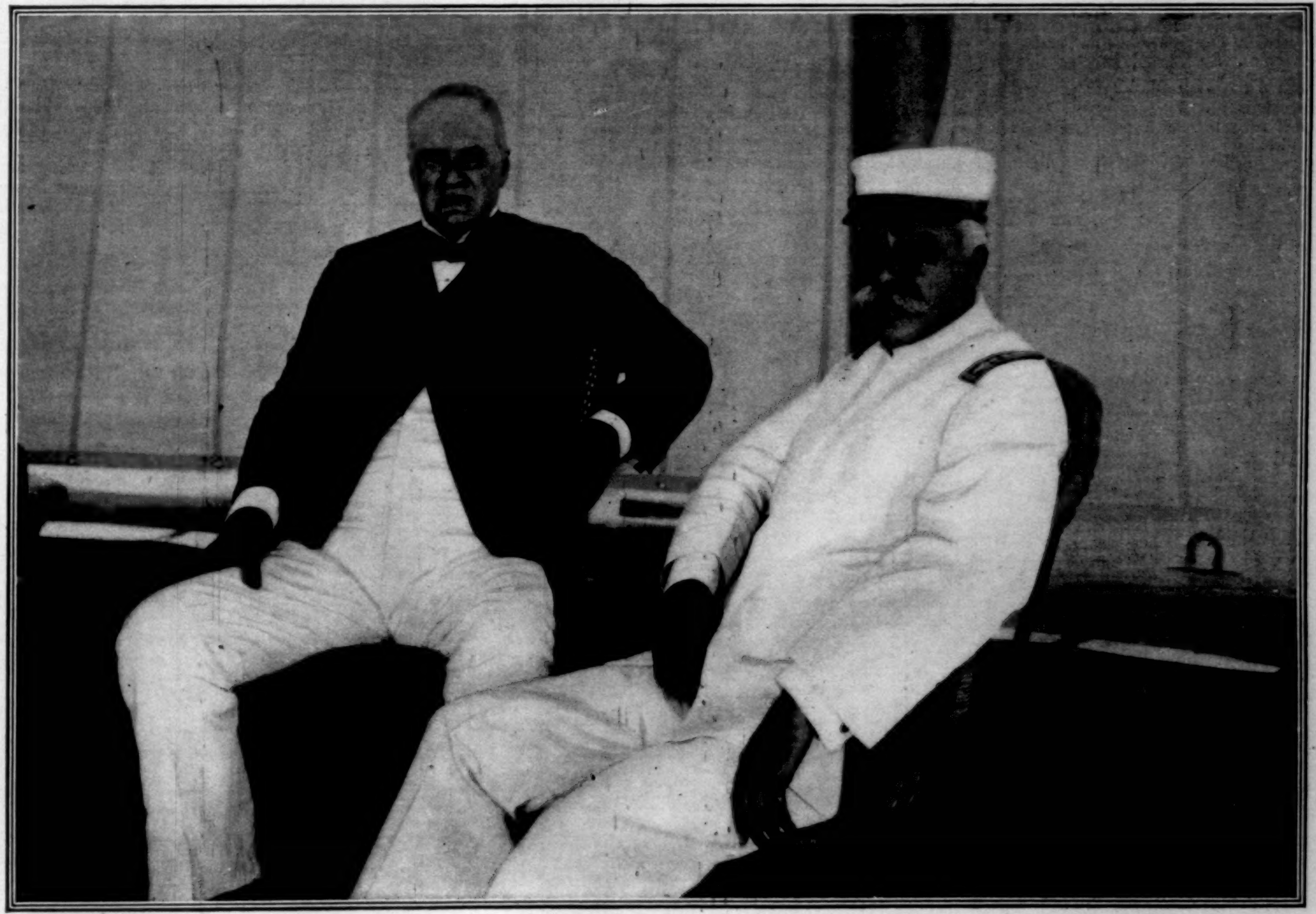
CAPTAIN WILLIAM S. ROWE,
Commanding the Police at Night.

TAKING SUPPLIES TO THE SOLDIERS IN OUTLYING DISTRICTS.

THE STRIKE OF THE TROLLEY EMPLOYÉS IN CLEVELAND.—[SEE PAGE 780.]



THE U. S. S. "OLYMPIA" ON THE MORNING OF THE DAY SHE LEFT MANILA WITH ADMIRAL DEWEY ON BOARD.—PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



ADMIRAL DEWEY AND COLONEL DENBY WATCHING SUB-CALIBRE TARGET PRACTICE ON BOARD THE FLAG-SHIP "OLYMPIA."—PHOTOGRAPH BY J. MARTIN MILLER.

JOSEPH CAWTHORNE AS *SIEGFRIED GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG.*

MABEL GILLMAN AS *PRISCILLA.*

THOMAS Q. SEABROOKE AS *MAGINNIS PACHA.*

CHARACTERS IN "THE ROUNDERS," NOW PLAYING AT THE CASINO, NEW YORK.

DRAMA

"The Rounders" at the Casino.

WHAT gives these musical things at the Casino their character is the fact that they are meant to appeal to a city of absent families. In midwinter the theatre is ruled—or let us say out of courtesy that it is ruled—by the matinée girl and the matron. In midsummer the matinée girl and the matron are disporting themselves in the mountains and at the sea, and New York is a wilderness of deserted husbands. Or—again out of courtesy—let us say that it is a wilderness. As a matter of fact, Mr. Lederer presses a button, and, behold! a gay new play, full of gay old jokes; he presses another one, and, behold! music and a ballet, and all that sort of thing. The wilderness has blossomed.

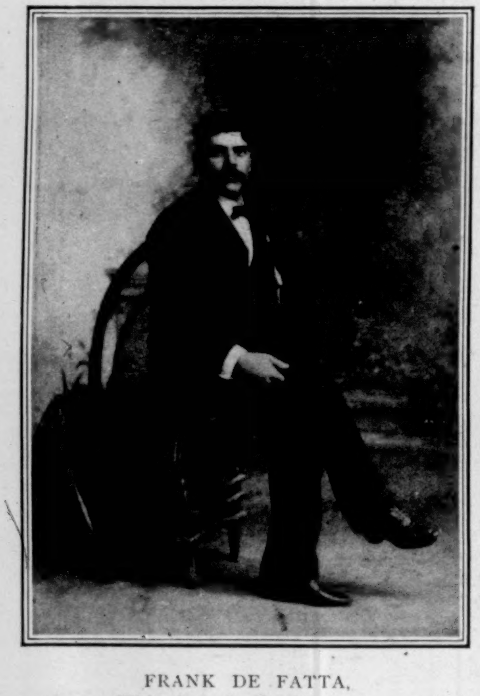
For some years past I have had a very distinct impression the wilderness might just as well not have blossomed; and I have wanted to say to those absenting women folk that they had best have a protecting eye on their natural protectors. But this year Mr. Lederer pressed his Harry B. Smith button, and the result is a play that—well, there *are* people who see an immoral in the budding of the rose. Such people had best beware of "The Rounders." It is the sort of play that brings the blush of modesty to the cheek of shame. The reason for this is that it is founded on a French play, "Les Fétards," by Mars and Hennequin; and my friend Binkinson, who is not an expert in historical reconstruction for nothing, can explain to you all the wickedness of the original play, and even give you in detail the scandalous events, local to Paris, upon the publicity of which the play at first relied for its popularity. It is all about that Cléo de Mérode, and that somebody or other of Belgium who cut up so shockingly with her that he made her famous. But Mr. Smith has changed all this—except, I should add, the *cheveux de Mérode* that Miss Phyllis Rankin wears and Miss Mabel Gillman is forced by the exigencies of the plot to copy. In his hands it has all become nebulous and unreal, so that to a wholesome mind it has no more effect one way or another than any midsummer-night's dream. And much of the wickedness of the lines—at least so Binkinson sadly complains—has been rigidly sacrificed. Those degenerate Parisians may have to have a joke, and a naughty one, to laugh at; Mr. Smith shows his easy mastery by making you laugh right along when there is not any joke of any kind. And those French people give some kind of meaning even to this sort of stuff. Mr. Smith knows better. What does one pay for, if not to be allowed to see what one likes in the play? To a moralist, for instance, this play is a drama of absent families, written expressly for the audience of deserted men folk. The hero is Mr. Thomas Q. Seabrooke's *Maginnis Pacha*, an Irishman who for services done the Sultan has had a harem of forty wives thrust upon him. Instead of letting them desert him for the summer, *Maginnis Pacha* shows the mettle he is made of by deserting on his own account. The heroine, on the other hand, is Miss Mabel Gillman, a very charming young person, with a dash of the Puritan—not too much of the Puritan—who bravely leaves the mountains and comes to town to be with her husband. What she finds there, to be sure, is not of a nature to lull the apprehensions of absent families; but in the end she masters the situation, even though she has to dress up like her husband's tempter, Cléo herself, and flourish a goblet of wine. If this view of Mr. Smith's absence of meaning did not occur to any one in the audience, it was because there was not a moralist among them. I rather wish there had been a moralist there, because I should like to know just what he would make of the deserted husbands that nightly flock to the Casino to enjoy the only touch of feminine gayety and grace that is open to them on a midsummer evening. And I should like to know, also, what he would say of their wives. I am not saying that the fault is with the absenting families. I had much rather make a scapegoat of the summer resorts, and accuse them of strolling off too far from town; and it might even be argued that men who are so weak as to let their families escape them deserve no better. "No better!" I hear some one answer the moralist. "Heaven bless us! the people of the Casino are good enough!" Mr. Seabrooke is a beam of sunshine and nonsense, and Mr. Dan Daly is Mr. Dan Daly; Miss Marie George has fun all the time she is on the stage; and as for Miss Gillman—on the whole, it is best to depose in behalf of the deserted husbands that Miss Gillman's characteristic is a dash of the Puritan.

JOHN CORBIN.

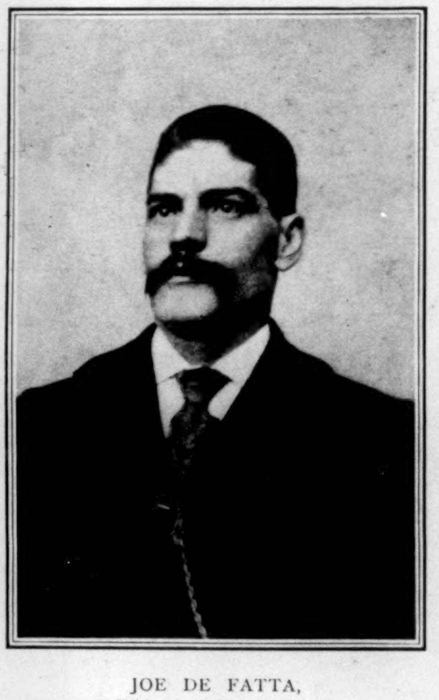
The Happy Cricket

THROUGH light and dark the cricket's creaking song
Ticks in the grass the dusty way along.
Earth in his vision is so green and gay
That he must sing and sing and sing all day.

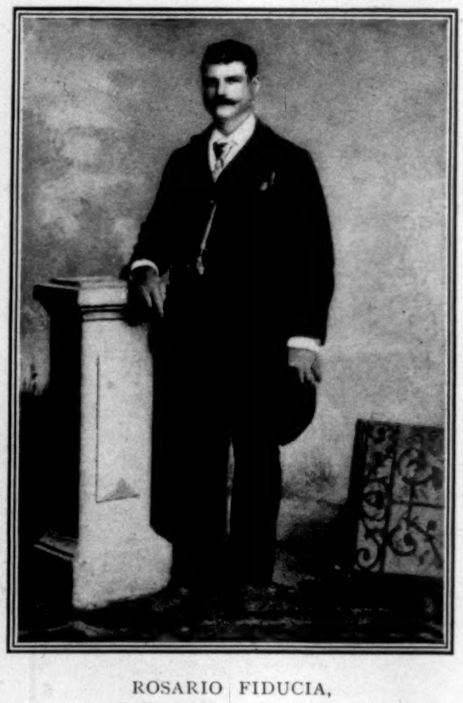
R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



FRANK DE FATTA,
With whom the Trouble began.

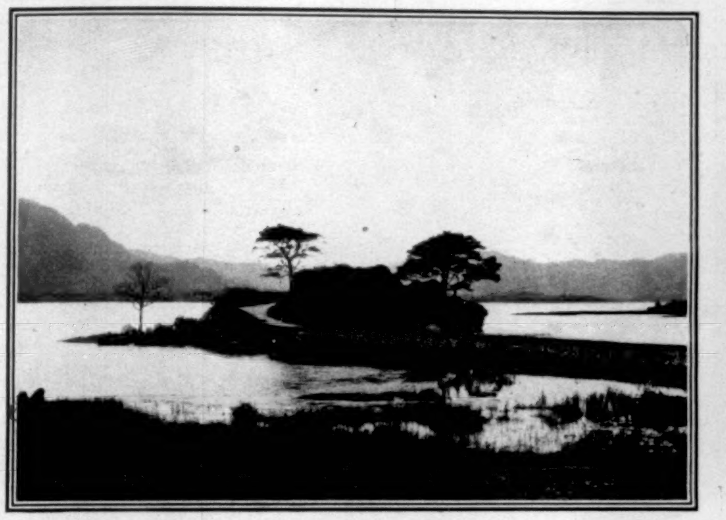


JOE DE FATTA,
Who shot Dr. Hodge.

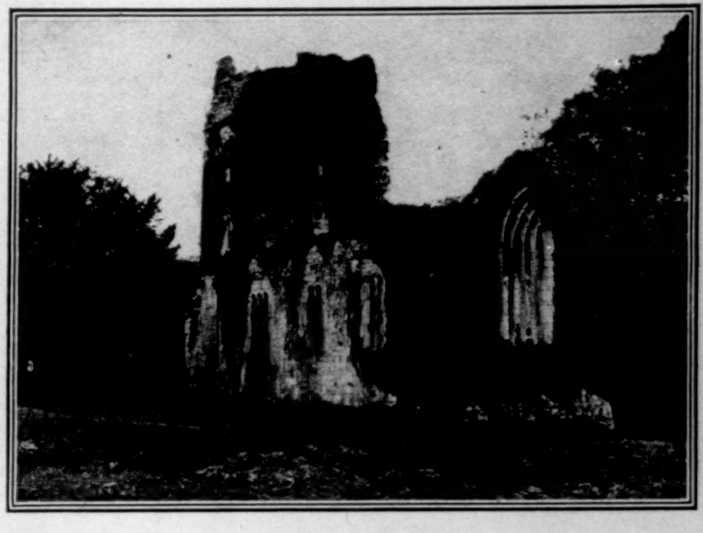


ROSARIO FIDUCIA,
A Cousin of the De Fattas.

RECENT LYNCHING OF ITALIANS AT TALLULAH, LOUISIANA—THREE OF THE VICTIMS.—[SEE PAGE 779.]

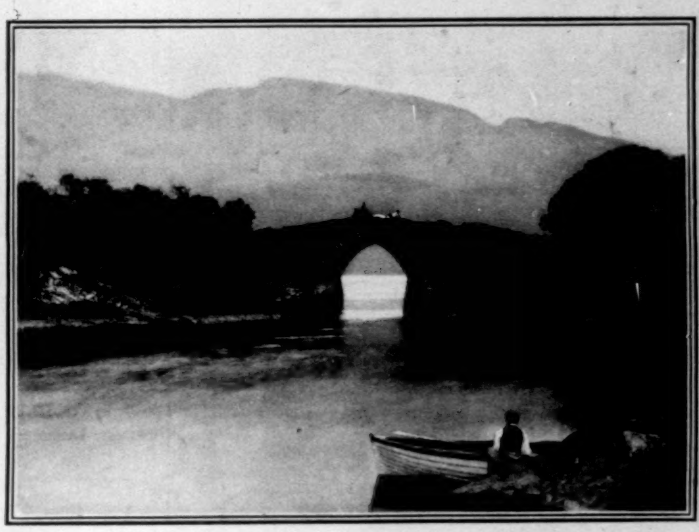


LOWER LAKE—RUINS OF McCARTHY MORE'S CASTLE.



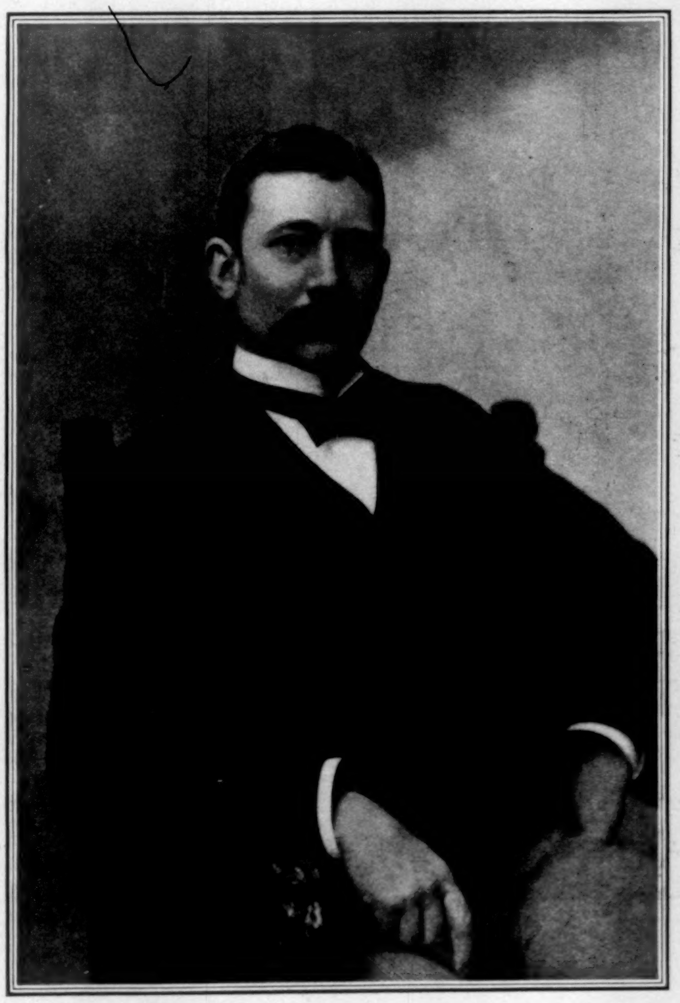
MUCKROSS ABBEY.

OLD WEIR BRIDGE.



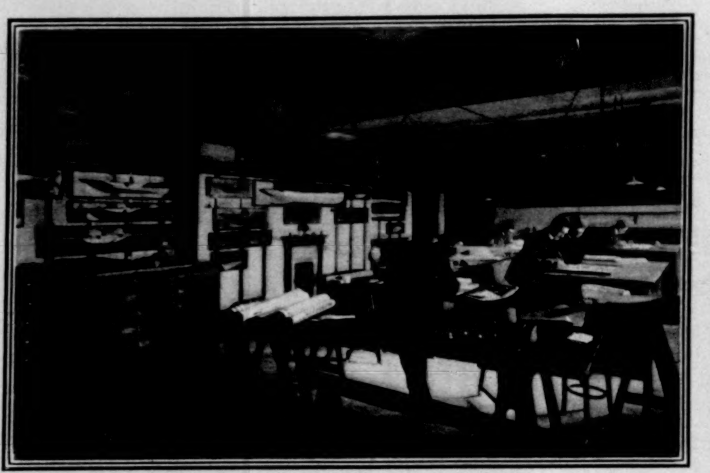
BRICKEEN BRIDGE.

THE HISTORIC LAKES OF KILLARNEY, RECENTLY PURCHASED BY AN AMERICAN, A. G. PECK.
[See Page 780.]



ELIHU ROOT,
New Secretary of War.—[See Page 779.]

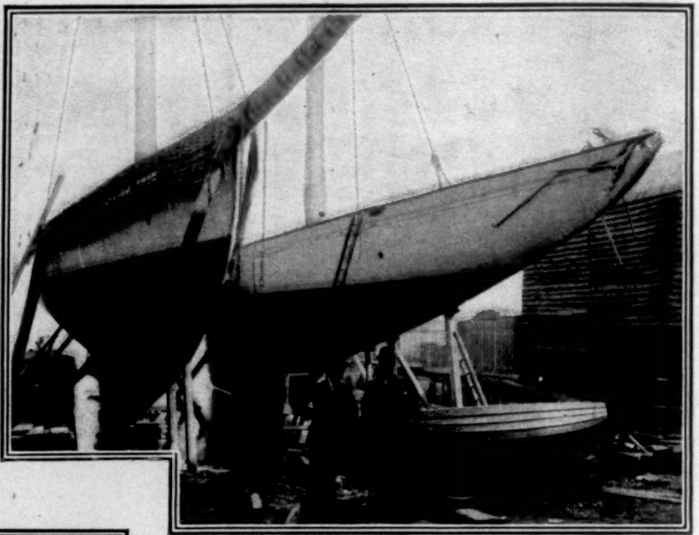
ULISÈS HEUREAUX,
President of Santo Domingo. Assassinated July 26.—[See Page 781.]



DRAUGHTING-ROOM OF GEORGE L. WATSON, GLASGOW.

"L'Esperance." Designed by Payne, 1891.

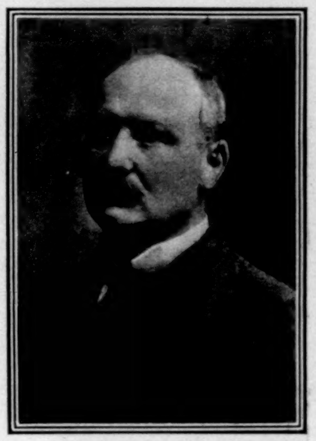
"La Fleche." Designed by F. J. G. Soper, 1896.



Mr. Arthur E. Payne, the Designer. Mr. Summers, Senior Partner.

AT PAYNE'S YARDS.

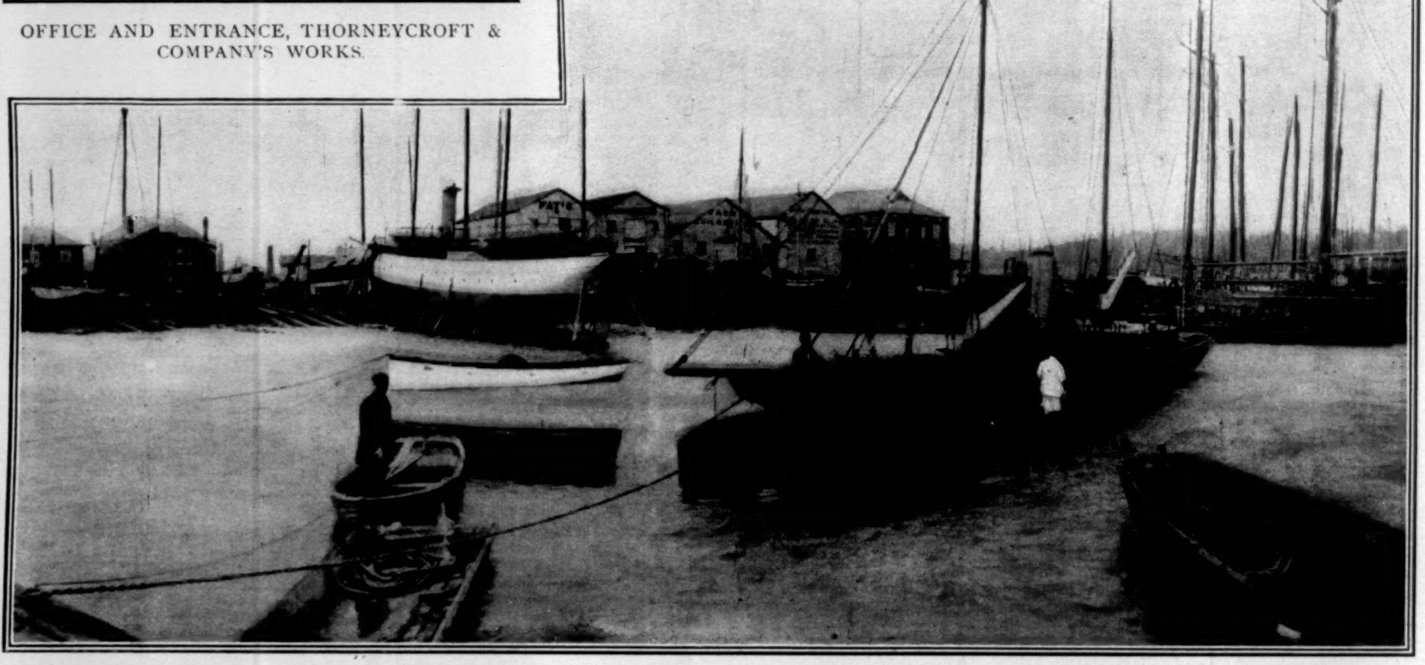
JOHN I. THORNEYCROFT,
Builder of fast Torpedo-boats and of "Shamrock."



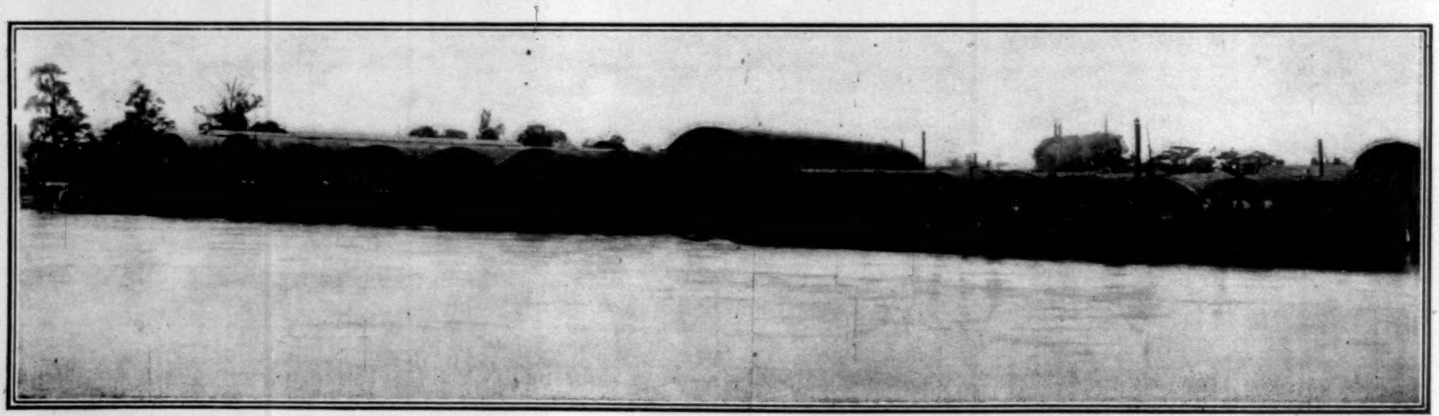
WILLIAM FIFE, JR.,
Designer of "Shamrock."
Photo. by Davis & Sanford.

DESIGNER GEORGE L. WATSON AT HIS DESK.

OFFICE AND ENTRANCE, THORNEYCROFT & COMPANY'S WORKS.



J. G. FAY & COMPANY'S YARDS—HEADQUARTERS OF DESIGNER F. J. G. SOPER.



Shed where "Shamrock" was built.

WORKS OF JOHN I. THORNEYCROFT & COMPANY AT CHISWICK.

ENGLISH YACHT DESIGNERS AND BUILDERS AND THEIR PLANTS.

THE ENCHANTED TYPE-WRITER.

By John Kendrick Bangs

I.

THE DISCOVERY.

IT is a strange fact, for which I do not expect ever satisfactorily to account, and which will receive little credence even among those who know that I am not given to romancing—it is a strange fact, I say, that the substance of the following pages has evolved itself during a period of six months, more or less, between the hours of midnight and four o'clock in the morning, proceeding directly from a type-writing machine standing in the corner of my library, manipulated by unseen hands. The machine is not of recent make. It is, in fact, a relic of the early seventies, which I discovered one morning when, suffering from a slight attack of the grip, I had remained at home and devoted my time to pottering about in the attic, unearthing old books, bringing to light long-forgotten correspondences, my boyhood collections of "stuff," and other memory-inducing things. Whence the machine came originally I do not recall. My impression is that it belonged to a stenographer once in the employ of my father, who used frequently to come to our house to take down dictation. However this may be, the machine had lain hidden by dust and the flotsam and jetsam of the house for twenty years, when, as I have said, I came upon it unexpectedly. Old man as I am—I shall soon be thirty—the fascination of a machine has lost none of its potency. I am as pleased to-day watching the wheels of my watch "go round" as ever I was, and to "monkey" with a type-writing apparatus has always brought great joy into my heart—though for composing, give me the pen. Perhaps I should apologize for the use here of the verb monkey, which savors of what a friend of mine calls the "English slanguage," to differentiate it from what he also calls the "Andrew Language." But I shall not do so, because, to whatever branch of our tongue the word may belong, it is exactly descriptive, and descriptive as no other word can be, of what a boy does with things that click and "go," and is therefore not at all out of place in a tale which I trust will be regarded as a polite one.

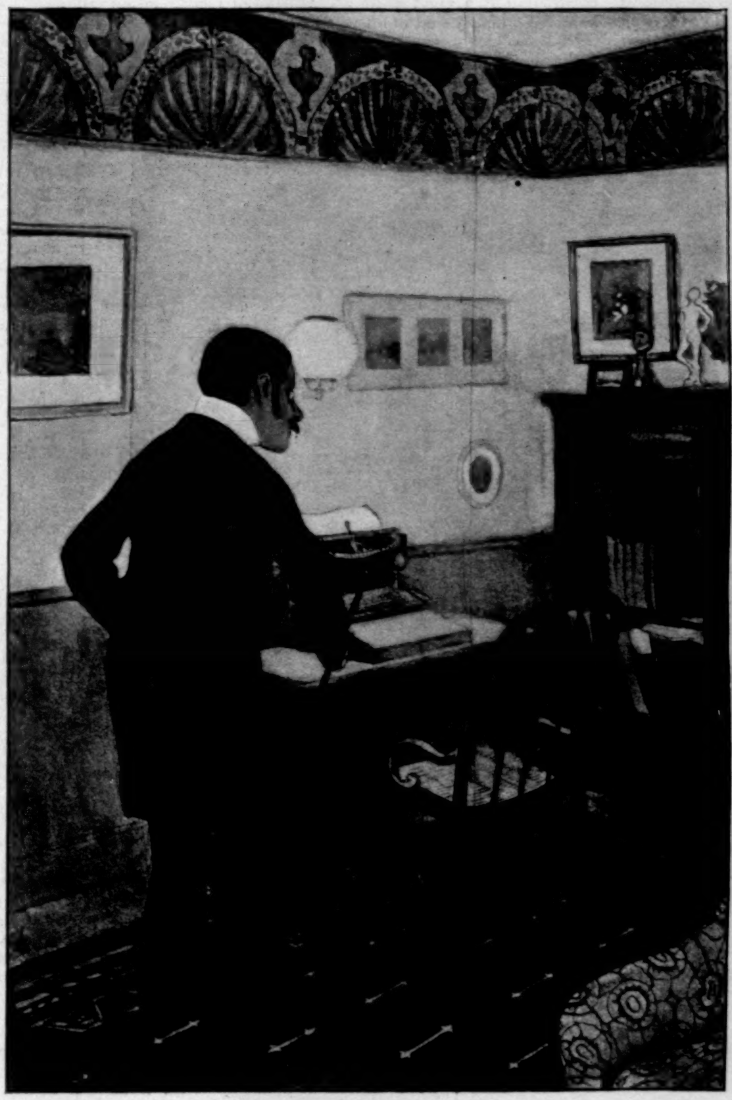
The discovery of the machine put an end to my attic potterings. I cared little for finding old bill-files and collections of Atlantic cable ends when, with a whole morning, a type-writing machine, and a screw-driver before me, I could penetrate the mysteries of that useful mechanism. I shall not endeavor to describe the delightful sensations of that hour of unscrewing and investigating: they surpass the powers of my pen. Suffice it to say that I took the whole apparatus apart, cleaned it well, oiled every joint, and then put it together again. I do not suppose a seven-year-old boy could have derived more satisfaction from taking a piano to pieces. It was exhilarating, and I resolved that as a reward for the pleasure it had given me the machine should have a brand-new ribbon and as much ink as it could consume. And that, in brief, is how it came to be that this machine of antiquated pattern was added to the library bric-à-brac. To say the truth, it was of no more practical use than Barye's dancing-bear, a plaster cast of which adorns my mantel-shelf, so that when I classify it with the bric-à-brac I do so advisedly. I frequently tried to write a jest or two upon it, but the results were extraordinarily like Sir Arthur Sullivan's experience with the organ, into whose depths the lost chord sank, never to return. I dashed off the jests well enough, but somewhere between the keys and the types they were lost, and the results, when I came to scan the paper, were depressing. And once I tried a sonnet on the keys. Exactly how to classify the jumble that came out of it I do not know, but it was curious enough to have appealed strongly to D'Israeli or any other collector of the literary oddity. More singular than the sonnet, though, was the fact that when I tried to write my name upon this strange machine, instead of finding it in all its glorious length written upon the paper, I did find "William Shakspere" printed there in its stead. Of course you will say that in putting the machine together I mixed up the keys and the letters. I have no doubt that I did; but when I tell you that there have been times when, looking at myself in the glass, I have fancied that I saw in my mirrored face the lineaments of the great bard, that the contour of my head is precisely the same as was his, that when visiting Stratford for the first time every foot of it was pregnant with clearly defined recollections to me, you will perhaps more easily picture to yourself my sensations at the moment.

However, enough of describing the machine in its relation to myself. I have said sufficient, I think, to convince you that, whatever its make, its age, and its limitations, it was an extraordinary affair; and, once convinced of that, you may the more readily believe me when I tell you that it has gone into business apparently for itself—and incidentally for me.

It was on the morning of the 26th of March last that I discovered the curious condition of affairs concerning which I have essayed to write. My family do not agree with me as to the date. They say that it was on the evening of the 25th of March that the episode had its beginning; but they are not aware, for I have not told them, that it was not evening, but morning, when I reached home after the dinner at the Aldus Club. It was at a quarter of 3 A.M. precisely that I entered my house and proceeded to remove my hat and coat, in which operation I was interrupted, and in a startling manner, by a click from the dark recesses of the library. A man does not like to hear a click which he cannot comprehend, even before he has dined. After he has dined, however, and feels a satisfaction with life which cannot come to him before dinner, to hear a mysterious click, and from a dark corner, at an hour when the world is at rest, is not pleasing. To say that my heart jumped into my mouth is mild. I believe it jumped out of my mouth, and rebounded against the wall opposite back through my system into my boots. All the sins of my past life, and they are many—I once stepped upon a caterpillar, and I have coveted my neighbor both his man-servant and his maid-servant, though not his wife nor his ox nor his ass, because I don't like his wife and he keeps no live-stock—all my sins, I say, rose up before me, for I expected every moment that a bullet would penetrate my brain, or my heart if perchance the burglar whom I suspected of levelling a clicking revolver at me aimed at my feet.

"Who is there?" I cried, making a vocal display of bravery I did not feel, hiding behind our hair sofa.

The only answer was another click.



"....I GAZED IN OPEN-MOUTHED WONDER."

"This is serious," I whispered softly to myself. "There are two of 'em; I am in the light, unarmed. They are concealed by the darkness and have revolvers. There is only one way out of this, and that is by strategy. I'll pretend I think I've made a mistake." So I addressed myself aloud.

"What an idiot you are!" I said, so that my words could be heard by the burglars. "If this is the effect of Aldus Club dinners, you'd better give them up. That click wasn't a click at all, but the ticking of our new eight-day clock."

I paused, and from the corner there came a dozen more clicks in quick succession, like the cocking of as many revolvers.

"Great heavens!" I murmured, under my breath. "It must be Ali Baba with his forty thieves."

As I spoke, the mystery cleared itself, for following close upon the thirteenth click came the gentle ringing of a bell, and I knew then that the type-writing machine was in action. But this was by no means a reassuring discovery. Who or what could it be that was engaged upon the type-writer at that unholy hour—3 A.M.? If a mortal being, why was my coming no interruption? If a supernatural being, what infernal complications might not the immediate future have in store for me?

My first impulse was to flee the house; to go out into the night and pace the fields—possibly to rush out to the golf links and play a few holes in the dark in order to cool my brow, which was rapidly becoming fevered. Fortunately, however, I am not a man of impulse. I never yield to a mere nerve suggestion; and so, instead of going out into the storm and certainly contracting pneumonia, I walked boldly into the library to investigate the causes of the very extraordinary incident. You may rest well assured, however, that I took care to go armed, fortifying myself with a stout stick, with a long, ugly steel blade concealed within it—a cowardly weapon, by-the-way—which I permit to rest in my house merely because it forms a part of a collection of weapons acquired through the failure of a comic paper to which I had contributed several articles. The editor, when the crash came, sent me the collection as part payment of what was owed me—which, I think, was very good of him, because a great many people said that it was my stuff that killed the paper. But to return to the story. Fortifying myself with the sword-cane, I walked boldly into the library, and touching the electric button, soon had every gas-jet in the room giving forth a brilliant flame; but these, brilliant as they were, disclosed nothing in the chair before the machine.

The latter, apparently oblivious of my presence, went clicking merrily and as rapidly along as though some expert young woman was in charge. Imagine the situation if you can: A type-writing machine of ancient make, its letters clear, but out of accord with the keys, confronted by an empty chair, three hours after midnight, rattling off page after page of something which might or might not be readable—I could not at the moment determine. For two or three minutes I gazed in open-mouthed wonder. I was not frightened, but I did experience a sensation which comes from contact with the uncanny. As I gradually grasped the situation and became used somewhat to what was going on, I ventured a remark.

"This beats the deuce!" I observed.

The machine stopped for an instant. The sheet of paper upon which the impressions of the letters were being made flew out from under the cylinder, a pure white sheet was as quickly substituted, and the keys clicked off the line,

"What does?"

I presumed the line was in response to my assertion, so I replied:

"You do. What uncanny freak has taken possession of you to-night that you start in to write on your own hook, having resolutely declined to do any writing for me ever since I rescued you from the dust and dirt and cobwebs of the attic?"

"You never rescued me from any attic," the machine replied. "You'd better go to bed; you've dined too well, I imagine. When did you rescue me from the dust and dirt and the cobwebs of any attic?"

"What an ungrateful machine you are!" I cried. "If you have sense enough to go into writing on your own account, you ought to have mind enough to remember the years you spent upstairs under the roof, neglected, and covered with hammocks, awnings, family portraits, and receipted bills."

"Really, my dear fellow," the machine tapped back, "I must repeat it: Bed is the place for you. You're not coherent. I'm not a machine, and, upon my honor, I've never seen your darned old attic."

"Not a machine!" I cried. "Then what in Heaven's name are you?—a sofa cushion?"

"Don't be sarcastic, my dear fellow," replied the machine. "Of course I'm not a machine; I'm Jim—Jim Boswell."

"What?" I roared. "You? A thing with keys and type and a bell—"

"I haven't got any keys, or any type, or a bell. What on earth are you talking about?" replied the machine. "What have you been eating?"

"What's that?" I asked, putting my hand on the keys.

"That's keys," was the answer.

"And these, and that?" I added, indicating the type and the bell.

"Type and bell," replied the machine.

"And yet you say you haven't got them," I persisted.

"No, I haven't. The machine has got them, not I," was the response. "I'm not the machine. I'm the man that's using it—Jim—Jim Boswell. What good would a bell do me? I'm not a cow, or a bicycle. I'm the editor of the *Stygian Gazette*, and I've come here to copy off my notes of what I see and hear; and besides all this I do type-writing for various people in Hades, and as this machine of yours seemed to be of no use to you, I thought I'd try it. But if you object, I'll go."

As I read these lines upon the paper I stood amazed and delighted.

"Go!" I cried, as the full value of his patronage of my machine dawned upon me—for I could sell his copy, and he would be none the worse off; for, as I understand the copyright laws, they are not designed to benefit authors, but for the protection of type-setters. "Why, my dear fellow, it would break my heart if, having found my machine to your taste, you should ever think of using another. I'll lend you my bicycle too, if you'd like it—in fact, anything I have is at your command."

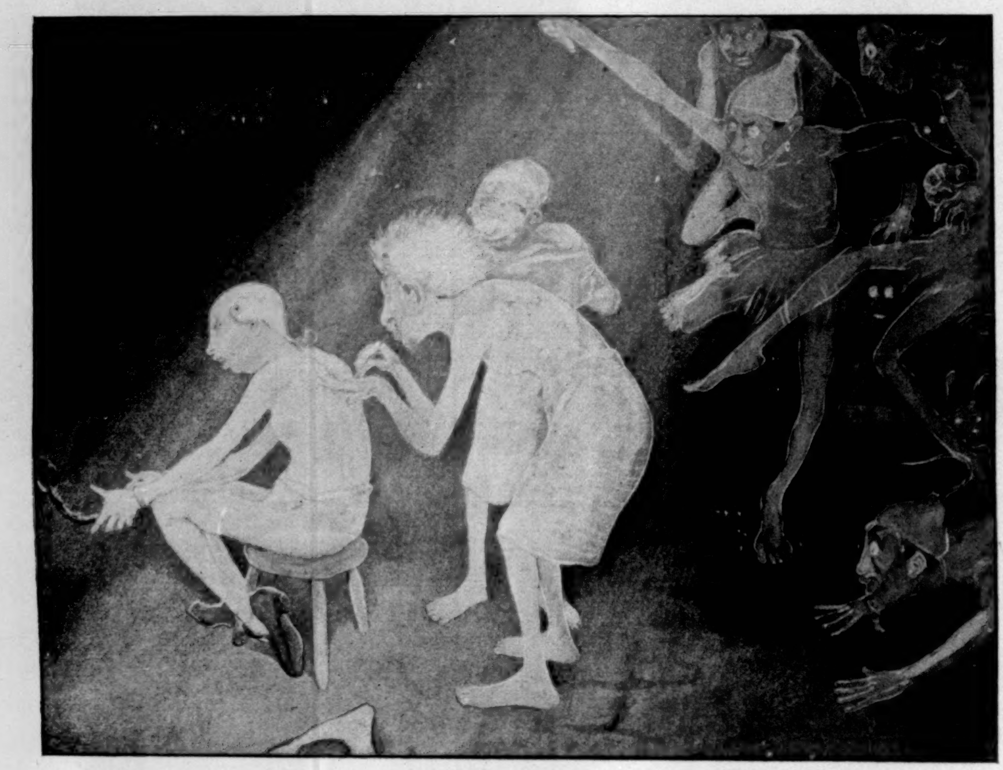
"Thank you very much," returned Boswell—through the medium of the keys, as usual. "I shall not need your bicycle, but this machine is of great value to me. It has several very remarkable qualities which I have never found in any other machine. For instance, singular to relate, Mendelssohn and I were fooling about here the other night, and when he saw this machine he thought it was a spinet of some new pattern; so what does he do but sit down and play me one of his songs without words on it, and, by Jove! when he got through, there was the theme of the whole thing printed on a sheet of paper before him."

"You don't really mean to say—" I began.

"I'm telling you precisely what happened," said Boswell. "Mendelssohn was tickled to death with it, and he played every song without words that he ever wrote, and every one of 'em was fitted with words which he said absolutely conveyed the ideas he meant to bring out with the music. Then I tried the machine, and discovered another curious thing about it. It's intensely American. I had a story of Alexander Dumas's, about his Musketeers, that he wanted translated from French into American—which is the language we speak below, in preference to German, French, Volapük, or English. I thought I'd copy off a few lines of the French original, and as true as I'm sitting here before your eyes, where you can't see me, the copy I got was a good, though rather free, translation. Think of it! That's an advanced machine for you!"

I looked at the machine wistfully. "I wish I could make it work," I said; and I tried as before to tap off my name, and got instead only a confused jumble of letters. It wouldn't even pay me the compliment of transferring my name into that of Shakspere, as it had previously done.

It was thus that the magic qualities of the machine were made known to me, and out of it the following papers have grown. I have set them down without much editing or alteration, and now submit them to your inspection, hoping that in perusing them you will derive as much satisfaction and delight as I have in being the possessor of so wonderful a machine, manipulated by so interesting a person as "Jim—Jim Boswell"—as he always calls himself—and others, who, as you will note, if perchance you have the patience to read further, have upon occasions honored my machine by using it.



"....TATTOOED THE JINGLE BETWEEN MY SHOULDER-BLADES."

I must add, in behalf of my own reputation for honesty, that Mr. Boswell has given to me all right, title, and interest in these papers in this world as a return for my permission to him to use my machine.

"What if they make a hit and bring in barrels of gold in royalties?" he said. "I can't take it back with me where I live, so keep it yourself."

II.

MR. BOSWELL IMPARTS SOME LATE NEWS OF HADES.

BOSWELL was a little late in arriving the next night. He had agreed to be on hand exactly at midnight, but it was after one o'clock before the machine began to click and the bell to ring. I had fallen asleep in the soft upholstered depths of my arm-chair, feeling thoroughly worn out by the experiences of the night before, which, in spite of their pleasant issue, were nevertheless somewhat disturbing to a nervous organization like mine. Suddenly I waked, and with the awakening there entered into my mind the notion that the whole thing was merely a dream, and that in the end it would be the better for me if I were to give up Aldus and other club dinners with nightmare-inducing menus. But I was soon convinced that the real state of affairs was quite otherwise, and that everything really had happened as I have already related it to you, for I had hardly gotten my eyes free from what my poetic son calls "the seeds of sleep" when I heard the type-writer tap forth,

"Hello, old man!"

Incidentally let me say that this had become another interesting feature of the machine. Since my first interview with Boswell the taps seemed to speak, and if some one were sitting before it and writing a line the mere differentiation of sounds of the various keys would convey to the mind the ideas conveyed to it by the printed words. So, as I say, my ears were greeted with a clicking "Hello, old man!" followed immediately by the bell.

"You are late," said I, looking at my watch.

"I know it," was the response. "But I can't help it. During the campaign I am kept so infernally busy I hardly know where I am."

"Campaign, eh?" I put in. "Do you have campaigns in Hades?"

"Yes," replied Boswell; "and we are having a—well, to be polite, a regular Gehenna of a time. Things have changed much in Hades latterly. There has been a great growth in the democratic spirit below, and his Majesty is having a deuce of a time running his kingdom. Washington and Cromwell and Cæsar have had the nerve to demand a constitution from the venerable Nicholas—"

"From whom?" I queried, perplexed somewhat, for I was not yet fully awake.

"Old Nick," replied Boswell; "and, I can tell you, there's a pretty fight on between the supporters of the administration and the opposition. Secure in his power, the Grand Master of Hades has been somewhat arbitrary, and he has made the mistake of doing some of his subjects a little too brown. Take the case of Bonaparte, for instance: the government has ruled that he was personally responsible for all the wars of Europe from 1800 up to Waterloo, and it was proposed to hang him once for every man killed on either side throughout that period. Bonaparte naturally resisted. He said he had a good neck, which he did not object to have broken three or four times, because, he admitted, he deserved it; but when it came to hanging him five or six million times—once a month for, say, five million months, or twelve times a year for 415,000 years, he didn't like it and wouldn't stand it, and wanted to submit the question to arbitration.

"Nicholas observed that the word arbitration was not in his especially expurgated dictionary, whereupon Bonaparte remarked that he wasn't responsible for that; that he thought it a good word, and worthy of incorporation in any dictionary and in all vocabularies.

"'I don't care what you think,' retorted his Majesty. 'It's what I don't think that goes;' and he commanded his imps to prepare the gallows on the third Thursday of each month for Bonaparte's expiation, ordered his secretary to send Bonaparte a type-written notice that his presence on each occasion was expected, and gave orders to the police to see that he was there willy-nilly. Naturally Bonaparte resisted, and appealed to the courts. Blackstone sustained his appeal, and Nicholas overruled him. The first Thursday came, and the police went for Bonaparte; but he was surrounded by a good half of the men who had fought under him, and the minions of the law could do nothing against them. In consequence Bonaparte's brother Joseph, a quiet inoffensive citizen, was dragged from his home and hanged in his place, Nicholas contending that when a soldier could not or would not serve, the government had a right to expect a substitute. Well," said Boswell, at this point, "that set all Hades on fire. We were divided as to Bonaparte's deserts, but the hanging of other people as substitutes was too much. We didn't know who'd be substituted next. The English backed up Blackstone, of course. The French army backed up Bonaparte. The inoffensive citizens were aroused in behalf of Joseph, for they saw at once whither they were drifting if the substitute idea was carried out to its logical conclusion; and in half an hour the administration was on the defensive, which, as you know, is a very, very, very bad thing for an administration."

"It is, if it desires to be returned to office," said I.

"It is anyhow," replied Boswell, through the medium of the keys. "It's in exactly the same position as that of a humorist who has to print explanatory diagrams with all of his jokes. The administration papers were hot over the situation. The king-can-do-no-wrong idea was worked for all it was worth; but beyond this they drew pathetic pictures of the result of all these deplorable tendencies. What was Hades for, they asked, if a man, after leading a life of crime in the other world, was not to receive his punishment there? The attitude of the opposition was a radical and vicious blow at the vital principles of the sphere itself. The opposition papers coolly and calmly took the position that the vital principles of Hades were all right; that it was the extreme view as to the power of Apollyon taken by that person himself that wouldn't go in these democratic days. Punishment for Bonaparte was the correct thing, and Bonaparte expected some, but was not grasping enough to want it all. They added that recent fully settled ideas as to a humane application of the laws required the bunching of the indictments, or the selection of one and a fair trial based upon that, and that, anyhow, under no circumstances should a wholly innocent person be made to suffer for the crimes of another. These journals were suppressed, but the next day a set of new papers was started to promulgate the same theories as to individual rights. The province of Cimmeria declared itself independent of the throne, and set up in the business of government for itself. Gehenna declared for Apollyon, but insisted upon home-rule for cities of its own class; and finally, as I informed you at the beginning, Washington, Cromwell, and Cæsar went in person to his Majesty and demanded a constitution. That was day before yesterday, and just what will come of it we don't as yet know, because Washington and Cromwell and Cæsar have not been seen since; but we have great fears for them, because seventeen car-loads of vitriol and a thousand extra tons of coal were ordered by the Lord High Steward of the palace to be delivered to the Minister of Justice last night."

"Quite a complication," said I. "The Americanization of Hades has begun at last. How does society regard the affair?"

"Variously," observed Boswell. "Society hates the government as much as anybody, and really believes in curtailing the Old Boy's powers, but, on the other hand, it desires to maintain all of its own aristocratic privileges. The main trouble in Hades at present is the gradual disintegration of society; that is to say, its former component parts are beginning to differentiate themselves, the one from the other."

"Like capital and labor here?" I queried.

"In a sense, yes—possibly more like your Colonial Dames, and Daughters of the Revolution. For instance, great organizations are in process of formation—people are beginning to flock together for purposes of protection. Charles the First and Henry the Eighth and Louis the Fourteenth have established Ye Ancient and Honorable Order of Kings, to which only those who have actually worn crowns shall be eligible. The painters have gotten together with a Society of Fine Arts, the sculptors have formed a Society of Chisellers, and all the authors, from Homer down to myself, have got up an Authors' Club, where we have a lovely time talking about ourselves, no man to be eligible who hasn't written something that has lasted a hundred years. Perhaps, if you are thinking of coming over soon, you'll let me put you on our waiting-list?"

I smiled at his seeming inconsistency, and let myself into his snare.

"I haven't written anything that has lasted a hundred years yet," said I.

"Oh yes, I think you have," replied Boswell, and the machine seemed to laugh as he wrote out his answer. "I saw a joke of yours the other day that's two hundred centuries old. Diogenes showed it to me, and said that it was a great favorite with his grandfather, who had inherited it from one of his remote ancestors."

A hot retort was on my lips; but I had no wish to offend my guest, so I smiled, and observed that I had frequently indulged in unconscious plagiarism of that sort.

"I should imagine," I hastened to add, "that to men like Charles the First this uncertainty as to the safety of Cromwell would be great joy."

"I hardly know," returned Boswell. "That very question has been discussed among us. Charles made a great outward show of grief when he heard of the coal being delivered at the office of the Minister of Justice, and we all thought him quite magnanimous, but it leaked out, just before I left to come here, that he sent his private secretary to the palace with a Panama hat and a palm-leaf fan for Cromwell, with his congratulations. That seems to savor somewhat of sarcasm."

"And what do you think is likely to be the upshot of the whole trouble?" I asked.

"Oh, ultimately Hades is bound to be a republic," replied Boswell. "There are too many clever and ambitious politicians among us for the place to go along as a despotism much longer. If the place were filled up with poets and society people, and things like that, it might go on as an autocracy forever, but you see it isn't. To men of the calibre of Alexander the Great and Bonaparte and Cæsar, and a thousand other warriors who never were used to taking orders from anybody, but were themselves headquarters, the despotic sway of Apollyon is intolerable, and he hasn't made any effort to conciliate any of them. If he had appointed Bonaparte commander-in-chief of his army and made a friend of him, instead of ordering him to be hanged every month for 415,000 years, or put Cæsar in as Secretary of State, instead of having him roasted three times a month for seventy or eighty centuries, he would have strengthened his hold. As it is, he has ignored all these people officially, treats them like criminals personally; makes friends with Mazarin and Powhatan, awards the office of Tax-Assessor to Dick Turpin, and makes old Falstaff commander of his Imperial Guard. And just because poor Ben Jonson scribbled off a rhyme for my paper, the *Gazette*—a rhyme running—

> Mazarin
> And Powhatan,
> Turpin and Falstaff,
> Form, you bet,
> A cabinet
> To make a donkey laugh.
>
> Mazarin
> And Powhatan
> Run Apollyon's state.
> The Dicks and Jacks
> Collect the tax—
> The people pay the freight.

—just because Jonson wrote that and I published it, my paper was confiscated, Jonson was boiled in oil for ten weeks, and I was seized and thrown into a dungeon, where a lot of savages from the South Sea Islands tattooed the darned old jingle between my shoulder-blades in green letters; and not satisfied with this barbaric act, right under the jingle they added the line, in red letters, 'This edition strictly limited to one copy, for private circulation only.' and they, every one of 'em—Apollyon, Mazarin, and the rest—signed the guarantee personally with red-hot pens dipped in sulphuric acid. It makes a valuable collection of autographs, no doubt, but I prefer my back as nature made it. Talk about enlightened government under a man who'll permit things like that to be done!"

I ought not to have done it, but I couldn't help smiling.

"I must say," I observed, apologetically, "that the treatment was barbarous, but really I do think it showed a sense of humor on the part of the government."

"No doubt," replied Boswell, with a sigh; "but when the joke is on me I don't enjoy it very much. I'm only human, and should prefer to observe that the government had some sense of justice."

The apparently empty chair before the machine gave a slight hitch forward, and the type-writer began to tap again.

"You'll have to excuse me now," observed Boswell, through the usual medium. "I have work to do, and if you'll go to bed like a good fellow, while I copy off the minutes of the Authors' Club, I'll see that you don't lose anything by it. After I get the minutes done I have an interesting story for my Sunday paper, from the advance sheets of Munchausen's *Further Recollections*, which I shall take great pleasure in leaving for you when I depart. If you will take the bundle of manuscript I leave with you and boil it in alcohol for ten minutes, you will be able to read it, and, no doubt, if you copy it off, sell it for a goodly sum. It is guaranteed absolutely genuine."

"Very well," said I, rising, "I'll go; but I should think you would put in most of your time whacking at the government editorially, instead of going in for minutes and abstract stories of adventure."

"You do, eh?" said Boswell. "Well, if you were in my place you'd change your mind. After my unexpected endorsement by Apollyon and his cabinet, I've decided to keep out of politics for a little while. I can stand having a poem tattooed on my back, but if it came to having a three-column editorial expressing my emotions etched alongside of my spine, I'm afraid I'd disappear into thin air."

So I left him at work and retired. The next morning I found the promised bundle of manuscript, and, after boiling the pages as instructed, discovered the following tale.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Charles M. Sheldon

A MAN WITH A MISSION

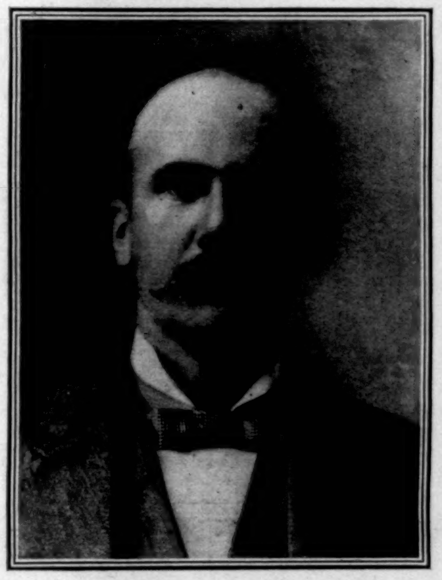
I WELL remember, in the year 1894, that Mr. Sheldon spent a week in my own home—a delightful week to me, in which we had ample opportunity for the discussion of the topics of the day, and in particular the social problems that were confronting us at that time—the labor troubles, the relation of the church to social improvements, sociology from various standpoints, and more personal matters in relation to his method of reading stories to his congregations for the evening services, and respecting the title of his book *In His Steps*. I have no intention, however, of disclosing any part of this conversation, for nearly all of importance that passed between us was subsequently given to the public through his books.

I had met Mr. Sheldon before, and knew of his earnest purposes in life. He had always impressed me with the earnestness of a man who had a mission to perform which he intended to do determinately and effectually, without show or noise, and that mission was not merely to carry the gospel to mankind, nor to preach to it or *at* it, but to vitalize the lives of men by bringing them into close contact with the teachings of Jesus, and helping them to realize in their daily lives the truths which they profess to believe.

Mr. Sheldon was born at Wellsville, New York, February 26, 1857; but his father removed to Dakota in his early years, and he was thus reared on a Dakota farm, which circumstance had much to do with the strong physique and vigorous nature of the man. He had the good fortune to be educated at Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts; at Brown University, where he took his degree in 1883; and subsequently at Andover Theological Seminary, where he was graduated in 1886. Thus, from a scholastic and theological stand-point, he was well prepared for his work. But Mr. Sheldon's element of success did not rest in his university and theological education, for many have had this and failed, but because he had a concrete method and a vital way of working which did not allow what he had learned in the schools to get in his way. Mr. Sheldon went to London in 1886 to study humanity in that great city. After returning to America he took charge of his first parish, at Waterbury, Vermont. Again he showed his desire to know people in order to help them. He said: "I wanted to know my people, to become familiar with their wants, their temptations, their discouragements, and their ambitions. It seemed to me that if I could see every man, woman, and child in my whole parish between two Sundays, I could face them on Sunday and preach with the knowledge that I was reaching something definite. But it was a physical impossibility. The parish was seven miles square, and, being in the heart of the Green Mountains, it was all uphill. My only means of locomotion was a small horse that had quinsy, spring-halt, and a lazy disposition." Mr. Sheldon conceived the plan of boarding around in the parish, and he affirms that he gained more thorough knowledge of the parish and its real needs at the end of the year by this process than he could have gained in ten years by formal afternoon calls.

He was called to the Central Congregational Church in Topeka in 1888, and began his first services in a poorly lighted room over a suburban grocery-store. But his church grew, and soon a handsome edifice was constructed, the Bowman Memorial for a kindergarten was added, and the membership of the church increased from fifty to three hundred. It is in this church, at the head of this small congregation, that Mr. Sheldon has continued to work, refusing offers (of which he never speaks) to fill the pulpits of large and wealthy churches.

With a desire to know humanity he began his practical studies. He divided the city into eight groups for his convenience, namely, street-car and electric-car men, negroes, Santa Fe railroad men, Washburn College students, doctors, lawyers, business men, and newspaper men. At one time he went to the college and staid a week, playing ball with the boys on the campus, visiting class-rooms, and studying Greek and Latin with them. Later he rode on the engines with the firemen and engineers, or spent his time in the yards and in the shops when the men were off duty. He visited the negroes in their schools and homes, and spent three weeks with them, studying their lives and habits. He went on a leading paper as a reporter, and, as he says, "For a week I astonished the community, I have no doubt, by accounts of runaways, the arrival of John Smith in the city, and the conflagration of Mr. Brown's barn last night. My greatest temptation while with the newspaper fraternity was the manufacture of history to keep up with the everlasting cry for copy."



REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

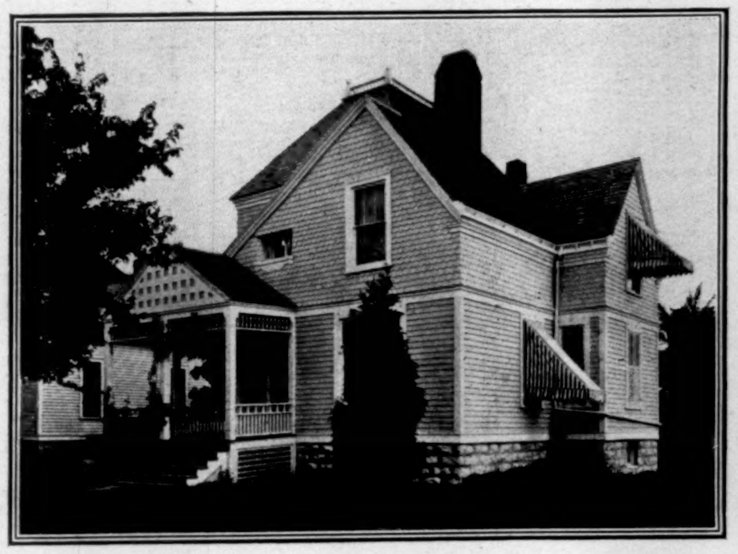
In connection with Mr. Harris, pastor of one of the Presbyterian churches in Topeka, he began active work in "Tennessee Town," a territory of about twenty blocks, inhabited almost entirely by colored people, whose lives he sought to elevate. They prepared a course of lectures on various topics, scientific and otherwise, among which I find the following titles: "One dollar and what it can buy," "A quart of whiskey and what it can do," "What the negro has done for himself since the war," and "What has been done for the negro since the war." This course of lectures was followed by house-to-house visiting, and every other possible means for obtaining an acquaintance with the actual condition of the black man. A kindergarten was subsequently established, which has become famous for its effective work in this section of the city. In brief, the light was let into the dark places of "Tennessee Town," and with it came life through the vitalizing process of the gospel applied directly to humanity.

Mr. Sheldon's method of treating his evening congregations was unique. He prepared stories involving morals which he wished to present, and read a chapter each Sunday evening. The publication of these stories was to Mr. Sheldon rather a secondary thought, but it occurred to him that what was good for the little congregation in Topeka was good for people elsewhere, and so he began to publish these stories, many of which have had an enthusiastic reception, especially in England and America; and one, perhaps the most important—*In His Steps*—is being translated into ten different languages.

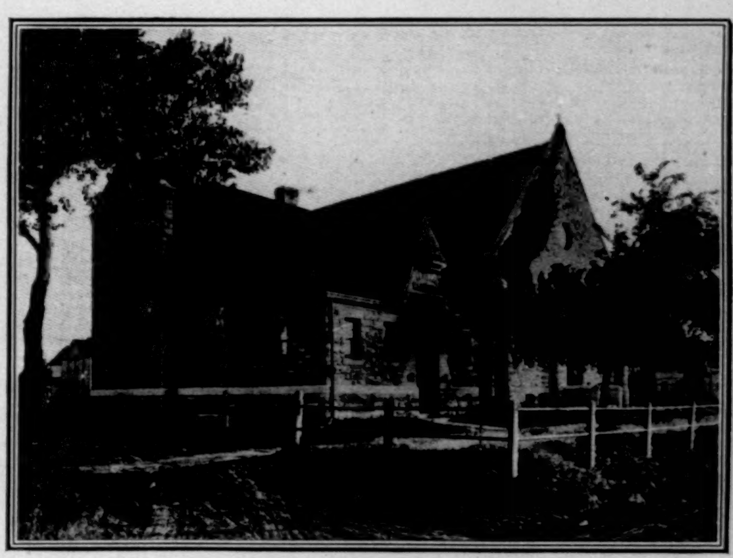
While no one can tell the secret of another's success, a large element of Mr. Sheldon's success appears to be in the fact that he aproaches life from the concrete rather than the abstract. He believes that the gospel is for humanity, and straightway comes down out of the clouds of theology to where humanity dwells, that he may understand it, and apply the simple truths of the gospel in the simplest manner possible. This he does with great earnestness and faith, and by taking Christ at His word. Before he attempted to write his story entitled *His Brother's Keeper*, which deals largely with the labor problem, he went right into the heart of one of the largest strikes of modern times and mingled with the men and the managers. In an address given to the students of sociology at the University of Kansas, November 6, 1891, on "Sociology from the Preacher's Stand-point," he states that the preacher "may follow the work already done by specialists in science, but in the field of humanity, I believe, he must do much at first hand himself. That is his business. Not writing sermons and delivering addresses and studying the Bible. That is not the preacher's main business. His business is humanity, and a knowledge of it from personal acquaintance, so that when he faces men from the pulpit it may be with courage and energy which are the result of having faced them six other days where life is most a reality to the average man. In other words, the preacher must get his sermons more out of men and less out of books." His theology is very simple, as it is portrayed in the book *In His Steps; What Would Jesus Do?* If Christ's teachings are to be followed, and He is to be taken as an example, why, that settles it, and it is only necessary to know how Jesus would have acted. As to the meaning of Christ's teachings, or what Jesus would do under certain circumstances, it is left to the individual to decide.

Mr. Sheldon is honest in his belief of making this world better. He says: "It is dawning upon me like the stealing of the light out of the sea to the passenger in mid-ocean who has been watching the horizon for a clear day. It was—Jesus Christ, the greatest sociologist of the world, meant to teach the blessedness of human existence in this world. It is not true, that taunt of the masses, that Christianity preaches a heaven and offers no hope in this world. Christianity teaches a heaven in this earth: it is 'Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, in *earth* as it is in heaven.'" Mr. Sheldon is a strong optimist. In an address entitled, "Is Our Civilization Christian?" given to the students of the sociology class at the University of Kansas, December 2, 1892, he says: "The writer disclaims any tendency to pessimism—he is an optimist by birth, training, and inclination. He believes that the sun is just coming up, not just going down. He thinks there never was so grand a time to live as the present, on account of its great problems and the splendid opportunities just opening up for the church, the home, and the university."

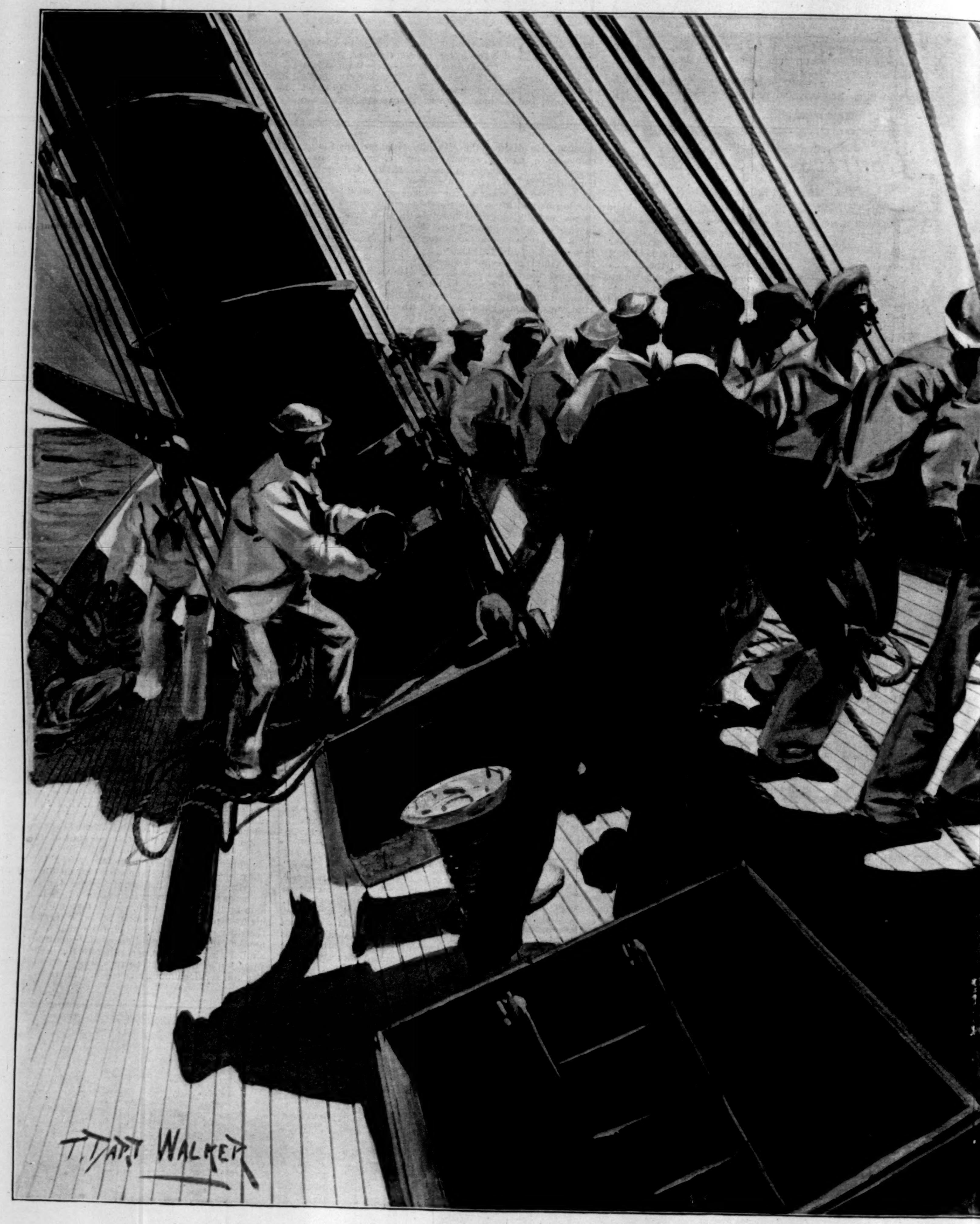
Mr. Sheldon is not a socialist, but, on the contrary, he is a strong individualist; or, if a socialist, it is in that better sense of the common fatherhood of God and the common brotherhood of man. Each man must determine in his own mind what his own life will be, and while it is the duty of people to be helpful and thoughtful of one another, if each one will do what Jesus would do under similar circumstances, according to the best of his interpretation of the matter, there will be a grand harmony of life and service among all people. There will then be no



DR. SHELDON'S HOME IN TOPEKA.

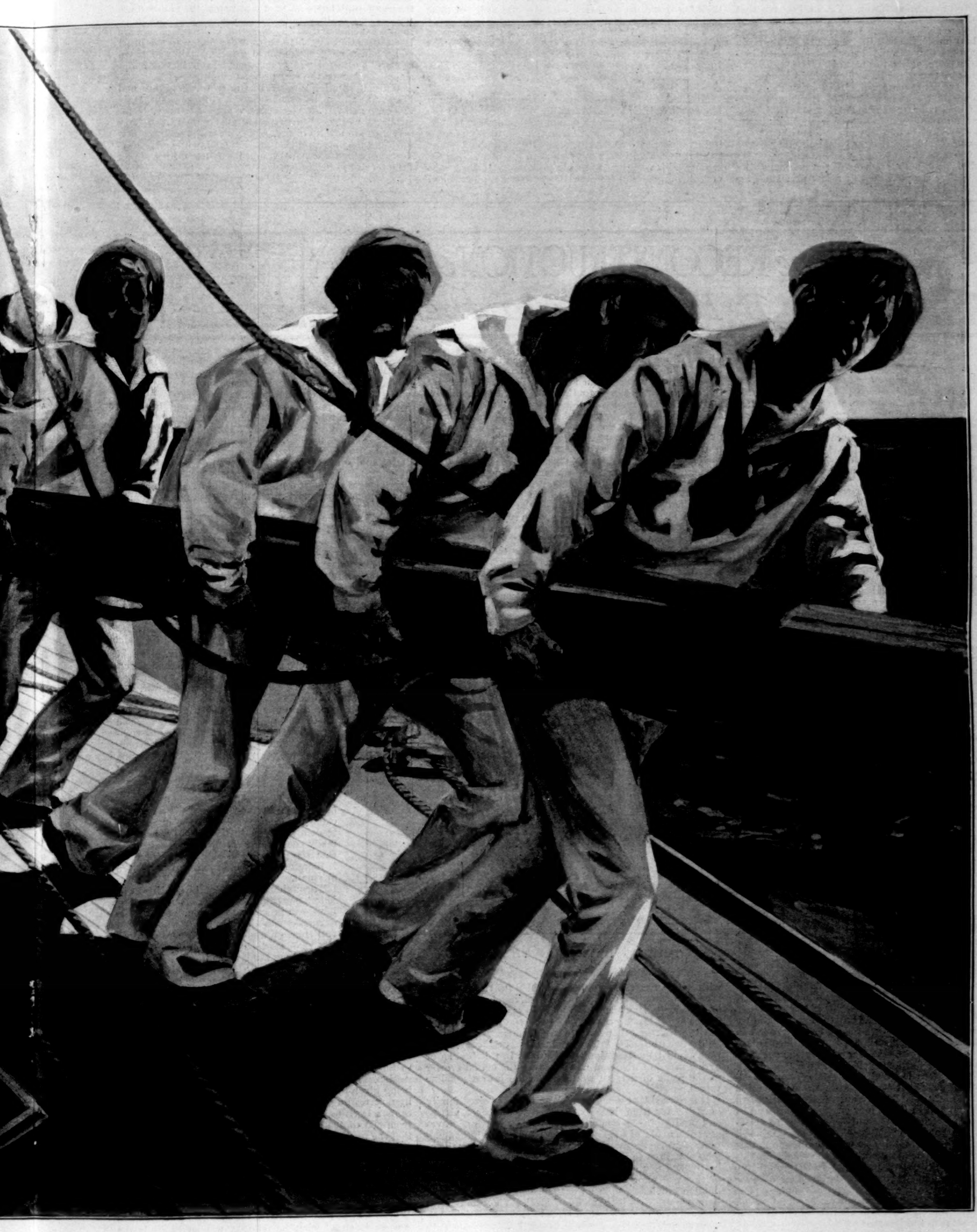


CENTRAL CHURCH, TOPEKA—DR. SHELDON'S CHARGE.


T. DART WALKER

ON BOARD THE CUP-DEFENDER "COLUM

DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL



OLUMBIA"—SHIPPING THE SPINNAKER BOOM.

SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

trouble about corruption in politics, the management of the state, the selfishness of trusts, the unequal distribution of profits, and the opposition of labor, or the excessive power of capital; all these will be settled in the simple formula of following the Master. Yet he believes that the best which life affords should be given to the needy by those who are able to do so. He believes that the best books, the best music, the best life, should be within reach of all. He holds that the masses cannot enjoy the best preaching, the best singing, the best art, the best that can be obtained from travel, for lack of opportunity, but that the opportunity should be given. He says, "There are not enough unselfish men of genius in Christendom to redeem our slums from paganism." But since this was written great improvements have been made in giving to the masses a good class of literature at a small cost, and in some instances opportunities for good music have come within the reach of all.

Mr. Sheldon is not getting rich out of the enormous sales of his books; they are published at a low price, and his royalty is small. They are placed in the reach of all. He is in this consistent with his own life and teaching, and money that flows into his hands will as readily go out in the service of humanity. He has sent out to the busy thinking world the following books, in the order of their publication: *Richard Bruce*, 1891; *Richard Hardy's Seven Days*, 1892; *The Twentieth Day*, 1893; *The Crucification of Phillip Strong*, 1893; *John King's Question Class*, 1894; *His Brother's Keeper*, 1895; *In His Steps*, 1896; *Malcolm Kirk*, 1897; *The Redemption of Freetown*, 1898; *One of the Two*, 1898; *The Miracle at Markham*, 1898; *For Christ and the Church*, 1899.

Mr. Sheldon's daily life is quiet. He spends his time in his beautiful little home, graced by wife and child, in the study in the little church, or abroad among the people. Ever busy, thoughtful, and earnest, he is, to my mind, a living exponent of his teachings. He goes about doing the duty which appears uppermost in his life, giving utterance with voice or pen to his philosophy of the regeneration of mankind through the personal application of the teachings of Jesus to the individual. One of his latest utterances in Kansas was in regard to the prohibitory law. He said, after speaking of the organization of Christian voters: "The other fact that must go with this is that the future of prohibition is in doubt unless the children are trained by the home, the church, the public school, to be total abstainers and to be law-loving citizens. There are two things that ought to be crowded home to the heart and mind, namely, the personal drinking habits of thousands of professed temperance people, and the contempt shown for law on the part of nominal citizens."

Without entering into a criticism as to the nature and literary merits of his publications, it must be said that *In His Steps* and *His Brother's Keeper* appear to me to be his strongest works. It matters not that some critics have said they are not literature. They have a mission to perform and they perform that mission well, while some publications which are called literature by the critics render little service to humanity.

FRANK W. BLACKMAR.

The RECONSTRUCTION of CUBA

LIBERTY
&
JUSTICE

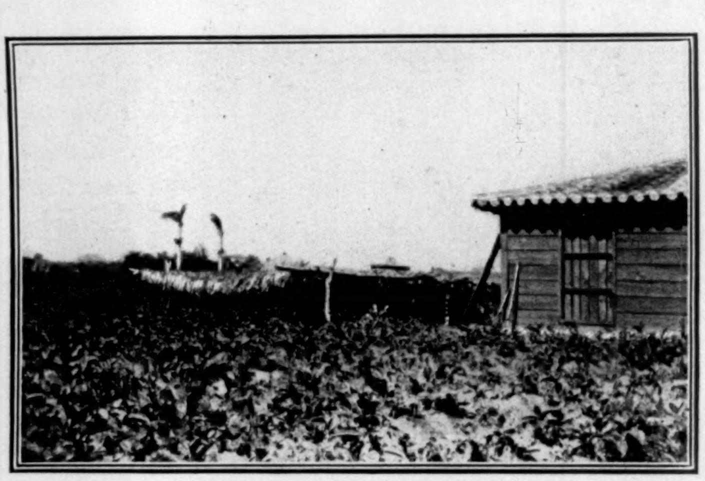
By Franklin Matthews

XV.—TOBACCO IN CUBA

SECOND only in importance to the sugar industry in Cuba is that of tobacco. Its output amounts to many millions of dollars a year, and fully 100,000 persons, and perhaps more, are dependent upon it for a livelihood. Owing to a peculiar combination of soil and climate, Cuba has a primacy among tobacco-growing countries which undoubtedly will be retained always, because the flavor of the tobacco raised cannot be or has not been equalled anywhere else.

The tobacco industry went through the same vicissitudes during the war as the sugar industry; plantations were destroyed, first by the insurgents and later by the Spanish forces, unless the owners paid for their protection; drying-houses were burned, and the tobacco seedlings destroyed; but as soon as peace came it began to recover swiftly. About half of a normal crop was raised this year, and it had the advantage of being of unusually fine flavor and texture. Prices were very high at the beginning of the year, but they came down to a practical business basis soon after the crop was harvested in February and March, and as soon as there were undoubted indications that by the year 1900 a full crop would be raised.

Large quantities of tobacco had been husbanded, and so when peace came the cigar-making industry in the one hundred or more factories of Havana jumped at once into a really flourishing condition. Every factory was running early in the year, and the wages ranged from four dollars upward a day. To that industry alone probably could be ascribed the apparent prosperous condition of the people in the city almost as soon as peace came.



TOBACCO DRYING IN THE SUN.

In 1897 General Weyler prohibited the exportation of tobacco from Cuba, except to Spain. During the blockade in the war it was necessary to send tobacco to distant ports of the island that were not blockaded, for shipment to foreign lands. The peasants, who are expert in the growing of the staple, were driven from their homes, but the factories in Havana were not entirely shut down. Their owners kept them running at a loss rather than have certain well-known brands of cigars fail their customers in foreign lands, and they sent money to the planters to pay the military factions not to destroy the bases of supply entirely. What might be called tricks of the trade were used in some cases to keep up the supply of raw material through the importation of tobacco from Puerto Rico and other places. Thousands of cigar-makers went to Florida, where the cigar-making industry flourished as never before, to supply the market in this country.

The war ceased at a most fortunate time for the tobacco industry. The plants are placed in the ground in October, November, and December, and the harvest begins within three months. The harvest in the sugar industry cannot be reaped until from twelve to eighteen months. One can understand at once the immense advantage over sugar that tobacco had in the recuperation of agriculture in the island. Although tobacco is grown almost in every part of Cuba, it is on the western end of the island, in a district about eighty miles long and twenty-five wide, that the most delicate flavors are produced. There is a sheltering mountain range running from east to west along the Atlantic coast. In the shade on this range the seedlings are propagated. It is through the situation of these mountains that the peculiar climatic effects are secured to the plant's great advantage. The secret of the soil properties has not yet been fathomed. Seedlings from the Vuelta Abajo district do not give the same flavor when raised in other soils.

Not all the Vuelta Abajo district is adapted to tobacco-raising. The plant is grown in patches of from five to thirty acres, and it requires expert labor to produce it. The field-workers are men and women of delicate touch and perception. Every plant is handled and guarded with the utmost care and vigilance. The plants are watched with the closest fidelity, to protect them from insects. When the plant reaches a certain stage all the leaves but about ten or a dozen are stripped off and the head of the plant is taken away. This is to develop the full strength of the plant in the finest and largest kind of leaves. At just the right time the leaves are picked from each plant, with the exception of two or three. The picked leaves are strung across poles in large drying-houses with thatched roofs. The leaves are kept there from two to three months, until they become yellow and dry. They remain in the houses until the rainy season, when they may be packed in bales of about one hundred pounds without danger of crumpling. Some of these bales are worth almost their weight in gold; and, indeed, it may be said of the very finest qualities produced that such a comparison is literally true.

There is immense profit in a well-conducted tobacco-plantation. Many of the owners used to count on a yearly profit of fully fifty per cent. of the actual value of the plantation. The owners of some of the largest factories in Havana either own the fields from which they draw the supply of tobacco for their various brands of cigars, or control them through a working arrangement with their real owners. Many of the growers are tenant farmers, and share equally the profit received from the output with the real owners. Owing to the difficulty of transferring real-estate titles in Cuba, many of the manufacturers of cigars prefer to make an arrangement to control the crop on certain lands.

Recently there has been an attempt on the part of the capitalists interested in the manufacture of Cuban cigars to get control of the agricultural side of the industry, but with what success has not been revealed fully. There has been a combination formed undoubtedly among the manufacturers in Havana, and capital to the value of fully $100,000,000 has been ready to form the so-called trust, but the task of getting the tenant farmers to pool their interests with those of the combination is not easy, for it runs against the traditions of centuries in this branch of agriculture in Cuba, and might reduce the actual grower to the plane of a mere workman on the lowest possible wages.

It is agreed that one man with an ordinary-sized family may care for from three to four acres of tobacco-plants, and produce in three months about $1000 worth of leaves at about a cost of $175 to $250. To a man who is ignorant; who has few desires for luxuries, as we know them; who is content to live in a hut out in the country with his half-naked family, his pigs and his dogs and his gun; who neither reads nor writes, and who desires to gamble, with dominoes chiefly—such an existence produces a state of happiness that is little short of ideal. Thousands upon thousands of men lead such lives in Cuba, and they welcomed the cessation of war because it restored them to their former life of entire comfort. Free Cuba was a matter to which they were profoundly indifferent politically so long as they were free Cubans.

Some of these tenant farmers hire field laborers. The price for the most expert cultivators was as high as three dollars a day this year, probably owing to the scarcity of laborers, but the price of ordinary labor was about one dollar a day.

So active was the demand for tobacco this year that the entire crop was sold practically before it was harvested. There was no lack in getting money advances, and so a measure of prosperity was quickly restored to the Vuelta Abajo district, the largest part of which is in the province of Pinar del Rio. There was no person of thrift who did not profit by it. It was easy to get land to till, and there was a demand for laborers greater than the supply. The contrast between the fresh and beautiful fields of green tobacco in Pinar del Rio early in the year and the grass-grown districts of the other parts of the island was most marked. I spent part of one day on a plantation on the outskirts of the city of Pinar del Rio, and found an interesting illustration of what thrift in growing tobacco meant. There was a little batch of tobacco leaves set apart for drying in the large drying-house on the plantation, and I asked if they were of a peculiar kind.

"No," said the planter, laughing. "Those do not belong to me. Whose do you suppose they are?"

I said I could not guess, and he replied:

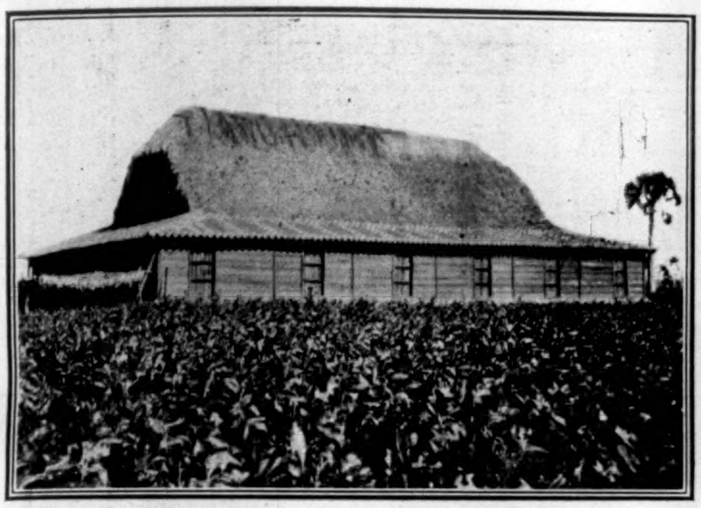
"There is nearly $300 worth of tobacco there, and it all belongs to our cook. He grew it in his spare moments on land near the house, and it is one of the perquisites of his place. You see, there are worse jobs in the world than being a cook in Cuba, if, in addition to your work, you can make what is known in your country as 'velvet,' to the extent of $300."

That planter informed me that a man owning thirty acres of tobacco-growing land in that region could clear from $3000 to $4000 a year easily. He said he knew of one planter who had about 4000 acres, from which his clear profit was fully $40,000 a year before the war. A man named Diaz, in San Luis, was said to reap a profit of $122,000 a year from his estate, one of the largest in Cuba. The largest cigar manufacturer in Cuba, Gustav Bock, who manufactures nearly one-half of the cigars made in Havana, is one of the few manufacturers owning large tracts of tobacco-growing lands. He planted no less than 7,000,000 plants this year. His experience with the agricultural side of the industry had been such that he became the leading spirit in the attempt to transform the industry into the trust already spoken of. There can be no doubt that the agricultural side of the industry is therefore profitable to all growers, large or small.

Throughout the Vuelta Abajo district in March one could see numerous new drying-houses in process of erection. One of the drying-houses that I visited was packed full from ground to roof. There were no less than thirteen stories, or layers, of tobacco leaves hung up in it.

The manufacturing side of this industry, like the agricultural side, has its traditions and well-established customs. The war interfered with one of the most interesting of these customs, but only war could stop it, for as soon as peace came it was resumed. That was the custom of the cigar-makers to hire men to read to them aloud during certain hours of the day. There is not a cigar factory of any size in Havana that does not have its "reader." He comes twice a day and reads aloud to the cigar-makers, usually an hour and a half at each session. Each reading is divided into two parts, one part being given to newspaper reading and the other to purely literary reading. The cigar-makers each contribute ten cents a week to the reader's support, and when there are from 300 to 400 operatives in one room it may be seen that the reader makes a handy sum for three hours' work a day.

The custom of employing these readers is practically as old as the cigar-making industry in Havana. The manufacturers have tried several times to stop it for one reason or another, but it has invariably brought on a strike, and the workmen have won. When the war came General Weyler stopped the reading in the factories because there was so much of what he thought was seditious in the newspapers, and because he also thought that the readings fomented trouble in the city. As soon as the war was over, the reading was resumed. I attended one of these readings at the factory of J. Vales & Co. The reader sat in a high chair, where he could be seen by all the workers. The president of the labor union rang a bell for silence; and then, with a rasping voice that carried the words sharply into every part of the room, the reader began his literary selection for the day. It was a Spanish translation of *Les Misérables*. Later he read the daily newspaper. The reader is always selected by competition. Trials are held, and then the workmen vote as to


DRYING-HOUSE IN A TOBACCO-FIELD.

EXPERT FIELD-HANDS AT WORK.

a choice. A committee in charge selects the works to be read. Sometimes a vote is taken among the workmen when there is divided opinion as to a programme. Usually a very high grade of fiction is selected. Travel, history, and humor also play a part in the readings, and the result is that the average cigar-maker in Havana has an acquaintance with literature that few persons in his grade of life possess.

The cigar factories in Havana are found in most cases in buildings the exteriors of which resemble stores and dwellings. There are few plain buildings, such as are built for factories in the United States. Some old mansion or building that could be adapted to any of a half-dozen purposes is used. There is a larger percentage of loss in the making up of the raw material than in the United States. It is customary to allow each workman in Cuba to make from five to ten cigars a day for his personal consumption out of the material on which he is working. When that material is of the very finest quality, a leaf that is made into cigars selling for from thirty cents to a dollar each in this country, one can see that the perquisites of cigar-makers are costly to their employers. It is a custom, and that is above all questions of profit and loss, especially when the boss loses.

The wages of the men run from $20 to as high as $35 a week. There is an apprenticeship system. Extensive use is also made of the labor of women and girls. The women and girls make from one dollar to one dollar and a half a day, and are employed in a variety of tasks. They select and grade wrappers, and many of them are employed in the cigarette departments of the factories. They also do some of the packing work, prepare boxes, and place labels on the cigars. The women are of all ages. As a rule, they work in rooms by themselves.

Before the war the annual crop of Cuban tobacco was about 600,000 bales of 100 pounds each. About two-fifths of it was used in Havana in cigar and cigarette making, and the other three-fifths was exported. The crop for 1899 probably ran close to 300,000 bales, despite the scarcity of labor.

The pathway of returning prosperity to Cuba ran through the tobacco-plantations first. It was through the revival of the tobacco industry that the people of the island knew what the blessing of peace meant in a commercial sense.

LONDON

July 15, 1899.

THE central figure of the South-African situation is that of Mr. Jan Hofmeyr. Mr. Hofmeyr is the Warwick of the Southern Hemisphere. He makes ministries, and he unmakes them. He is the master spirit of the Afrikander Bond. He is passionately fond of the realities of power; to the glitter and trappings of office he is indifferent. Mr. Hofmeyr placed Mr. Rhodes in power, kept him there for four years, and dismissed him as easily as though the empire-builder himself were the minister of an absolute monarch. Mr. Hofmeyr is a small but well-set-up man. His head is nearly bald. He wears large, benevolent spectacles. His face is close shaven but for a small mustache, and to look at him no one would suspect that in his prosperous personality centre the wires of Dutch influence throughout South Africa. Mr. Hofmeyr does not enjoy good health, but, like other diplomatists, his delicacy is by no means invariably inconvenient. He describes himself as the pendulum, and the ministry of the day as the hands of the clock. They point to the time; he sets it. At one time Mr. Hofmeyr displayed imperialistic leanings. Although he has rarely obtained the credit for the idea, he was the author of the plan for the fiscal union of the empire, of which so much was heard at the colonial conference convened by Mr. Edward Stanhope, and held in London in 1887.

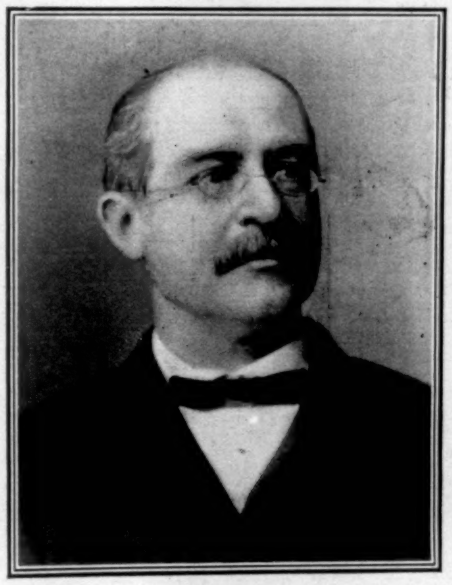
ALTOGETHER Mr. Hofmeyr is one of the most interesting personalities in the South-African world, and the probabilities of his action can only be told by those who have an intimate knowledge of his complex character. I have studied Mr. Hofmeyr with great care for the last fourteen years, and I am inclined to think that if he has a weak point it is that he is fully aware that at present, under the British rule of equal rights for all white men in the colony, he is a great man, but that if anything happened to upset the equilibrium between Dutch and English in his native land the former would get a thrashing, and public life in British South Africa would have no further use for Mr. Jan Hofmeyr. There is, therefore, a strong reason for the conviction that however willing Mr. Hofmeyr may seem to face the music of a racial struggle, his interests, if not his sympathies, are dead against anything that may lead to a rupture of the peace. Until lately the black population of the Cape was strongly opposed to the Dutch element, and the idea of a Dutch political leader sitting down to dinner with a Kaffir was, a few years ago, as far fetched as the notion of a member of one of the First Families of Virginia sitting at meat with an emancipated slave. I had, however, the felicity of bringing together a Kaffir—Mr. Tengo Jabavu, the editor of *Imvo*, a Kaffir newspaper—and Mr. Hofmeyr at dinner in Cape Town a few years ago, and I have been interested to watch some of the consequences. One of them is that Mr. Tengo Jabavu is now a member of the Afrikander Bond, although, as Lord Salisbury would say, he has probably found out by this time that he has put his money on the wrong horse.

IT is impossible to describe what the situation in South Africa at the present moment really is. The latest Pretoria scheme is wrapt in confusion, but the action of a portion of the Liberal party in this country in crying out against the use of force is doing more to make war probable than all other influences combined. Fortunately for peace, the government have won an election during the present week, Mr. Wrightson having been returned for East St. Pancras, by a reduced majority. The colony of Queensland has cabled an offer to provide a mounted detachment for service against the Transvaal if war should break out. The cabinet reply is significant. They thank the colony for the offer, hope that it will not be required, but that if it is, they are glad to accept it. The offer of Queensland is likely to be repeated elsewhere.

The main point is that Sir Alfred Milner is being backed up by government, but there are a number of considerations that induce caution on the part of the Colonial Secretary and the government in dealing with the Boers. Transvaal diplomacy is, above all, characterized by the quality of cunning. Any scheme of reform, therefore, requires jealous examination. At the present time it is uncertain whether Mr. Kruger's proposed alterations in the franchise are contingent on conditions which are to be judged by Transvaal officials. If, for example, there is a requirement of continuous residence, and it is left to the Field Cornet to decide that point, the Uitlanders would know what to expect—evasion, injustice, insolence.

THE politicians who call themselves "Liberal Forwards" are led by Mr. George Russell. As a politician, Mr. George Russell is a failure, and, like other political failures, his tone towards his political opponents is marked by undue acerbity. The "Liberal Forwards" held a meeting in London this week, and passed a resolution in which they declared that, "while desirous of obtaining for the Uitlanders redress of their grievances by all legitimate means, they condemn the reckless and mischievous attempts of a section of the press and certain members of the British government to force this country into war with the Transvaal."

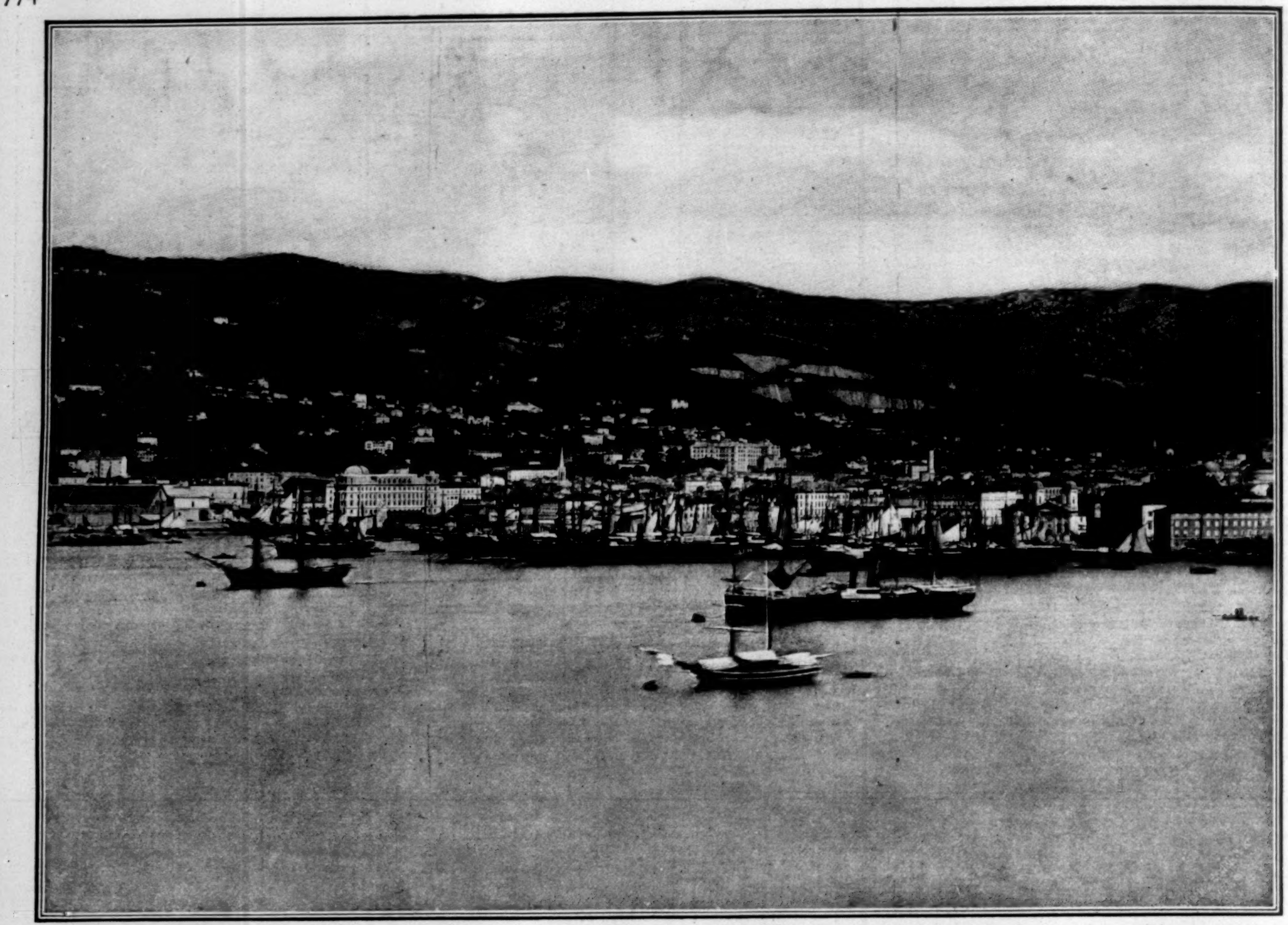
MR. GEORGE RUSSELL'S meeting is, of course, cabled to Pretoria as the expression of the "great Liberal party." The chief organ of the Liberal party in the press—the *Daily News*—is as strong an advocate of firmness as the *Times* itself. The meeting of the "Liberal Forwards," therefore, only stiffens Mr. Kruger in his obstinacy, and so far as any effect whatever is produced, that effect is in the direction of war. It will not be forgotten that these "Liberal Forwards" are the same men who did their utmost to drag this country into war for Armenia. They are the men who brought together the "Hundred Fools," whose memorable telegram and advice led Greece into a disastrous war with Turkey. At that time they had no hatred of war. Their sympathy with Armenia was so great that they were ready to shed a sea of British blood for the Armenians. These gentlemen, who sympathized vicariously with the suffering saints in Armenia, have no notion that their own flesh and blood in the Transvaal can be anything but wrong. They look with complacency upon the injustice to which Britons in the Transvaal are subjected. They contemplate the murders of Edgar and Mrs. Applebe without a sigh; but they hate Mr. Chamberlain, and to gratify political revenge they would cheerfully plunge this country into war—because their hate of Chamberlain is stronger than their love of peace.


J. H. HOFMEYR,
"The Warwick of the Southern Hemisphere."

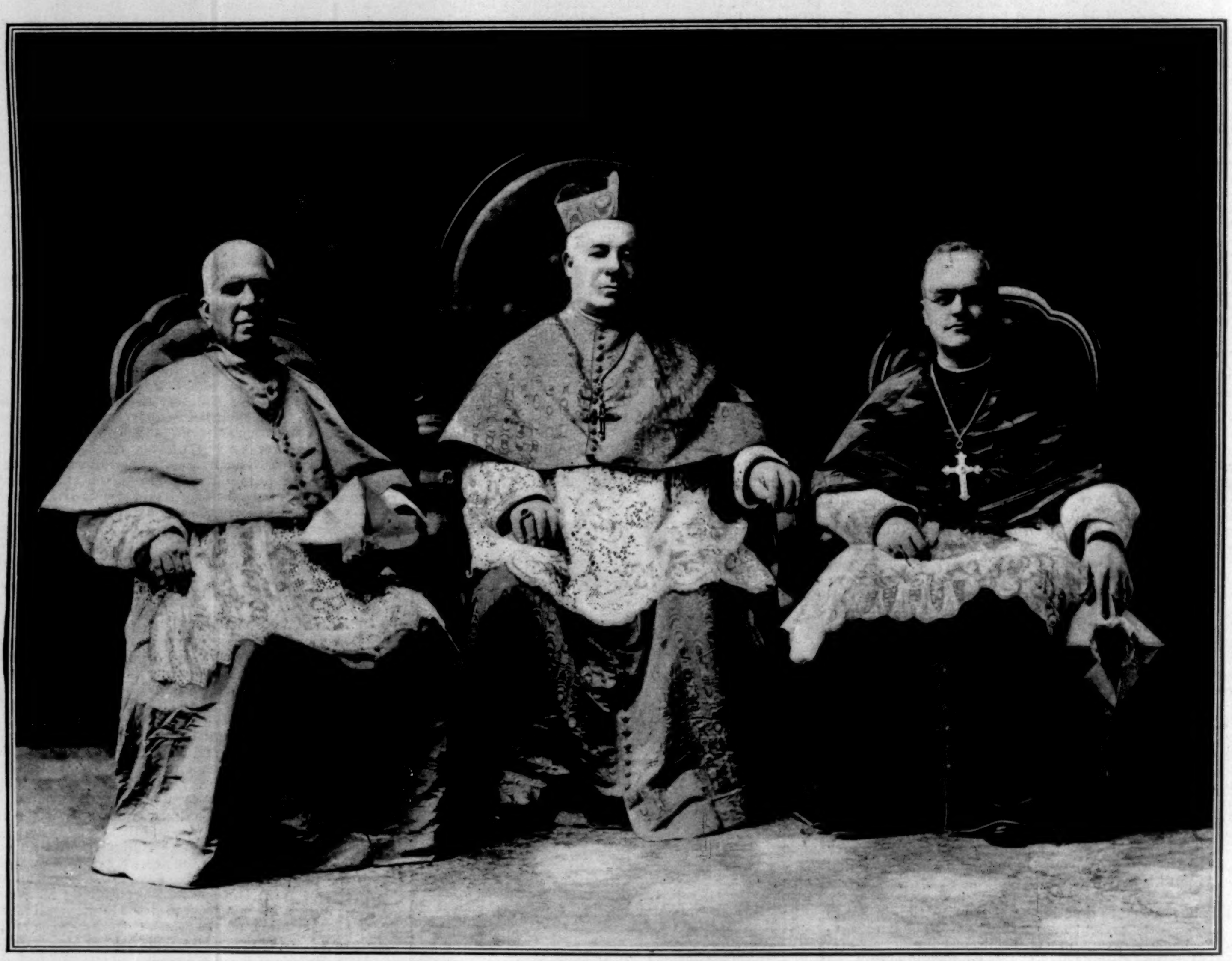
ONE "Liberal Forward"—Dr. Clark—who moved a resolution at the meeting, was formerly, if not now, the paid agent of the Transvaal. When he was the paid agent of the Transvaal he apologized for the misdoings of the Boer government. Although a member of Parliament, on Sunday last this gentleman attended a meeting got up by the Fenians in London to denounce Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Michael Davitt, another supporter of the Transvaal, is honest in his declaration of undying hatred to Great Britain, and he never loses a chance of weakening the influence and discrediting the good name of England. Both he and Mr. Dillon have done all they can to prevent a good understanding between the United States of America and this country. Such are the influences in opposition to the policy of the government. I understand that the Queen herself, who is notoriously averse to war, and whose aversion is faithfully reflected in the Prime Minister's policy, acquiesces in the measures being taken to settle the question of Anglo-Saxon predominance in South Africa once for all. The Queen's dread and hatred of war principally applies to a Continental war, and her Majesty is understood to feel the greatest sympathy for those who wish to see the predominance of Great Britain south of the Zambesi finally settled and beyond dispute. I hear from a sure source that her Majesty's express wish is that "the business shall be got over speedily."

THE Prime Minister of the Cape, Mr. Schreiner, is half a German. His father was a German missionary, and his mother an English woman. Like other people of mixed blood, Mr. Schreiner is not remarkable for the depth of his attachment to either strain. His loyalty, however, to the Boer element in South Africa is undoubted. He represents the Bond policy, and whatever it was, now it is certainly anti-English. Mr. Schreiner was educated at Cambridge, and is a cultivated and an able man, but in the racial cleavage which now exists circumstances compel him to oppose Sir Alfred Milner. Mr. Schreiner knows as well as anybody that the subjection and spoliation of the rich Johannesburg community is the real object of Boer predominance, and that equality and the open door is the English object. He knows that no community can prosper where the property of those who have is at the mercy of those who have not. I understand that in the event of the Cape ministry proving recalcitrant or attempting in any way to impede imperial measures, the constitution of the Cape Colony may be suspended during warlike operations, and that her Majesty's government will allow nothing to stand in the way of a full and complete settlement of the question at issue between the races. Until Parliament rises, nothing will be done, but in the third week in August Sir R. Buller will go out to assume supreme command in South Africa, and will be followed by large bodies of troops from India and Aldershot.

ARNOLD WHITE.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF TRIESTE, AUSTRIA, WHERE ADMIRAL DEWEY IS RESTING.



The Most Rev. Francois de P. Barnada.
Archbishop of Santiago, Cuba.

The Most Rev. P. L. Chapelle,
Archbishop of New Orleans, Apostolic Delegate to Cuba and Puerto Rico,
and Charge d'Affaires of the Philippine Islands.

The Right Rev. James H. Blenk, S. M.,
Bishop of Puerto Rico.

PRELATES APPOINTED TO CARRY OUT THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN OUR NEW POSSESSIONS AND CUBA.—[SEE PAGE 777.]

From a Photograph, Copyright, 1899, by F. B. Moore, New Orleans.

AMATEUR SPORT

UNWARRANTED statement has been made in some of the newspapers that *Defender's* crew would handle *Columbia* in the cup races. Needless to say, nothing of the kind will happen. *Columbia's* present crew will be smart enough by October.

There is no need to exchange these crews in order either to satisfy national pride or to quicken the speed of the new defender, but there is no denying that the blood of nine out of every ten yachtsmen and landsmen in America would jump with joy were a native-born skipper to be put on *Columbia*. This is not to complain of the present skipper *per se*, for he is thoroughly competent, but it is merely the expression of a thought uppermost just now in the minds of the majority of American sportsmen.

Is it possible an efficient American sailing-master cannot be found for *Columbia?*

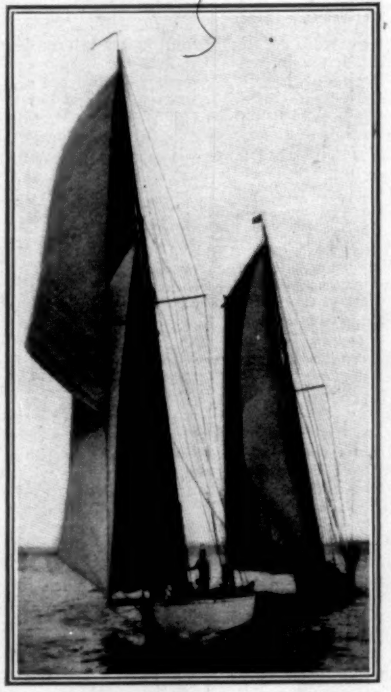
RACE week has become not only an established annual fixture at the Larchmont Club, but also a feature of the yachting season. It affords one of the very few opportunities of the year for the meeting of large and small classes on a common sailing course, and gives yachtsmen ample occasion to fraternize and to discuss questions always pending. It is a week, in fact, that makes for social amenity and sport, and has attained emphatic success in both directions.

I wonder more of our clubs do not adopt the idea. On the Continent, and especially in the Far East, the combination of boat-racing, water sports, and open club-house provides quite the most popular and interesting midsummer entertainment. Invitations to the yacht-club fêtes are decidedly the most welcomed social biddings in Bombay; at Singapore the water sports attract spectators from near and far; while at every treaty port along the Malay, Chinese, and Japanese coasts where Anglo-Saxons are gathered together in the name of sport, each year has its several-days period of such entertainment.

In Germany the water sports, as distinguished from the racing part of the programme, are perhaps more elaborate than elsewhere, and a large and amusing variety of games is provided. They develop our tub-race into *Das Wasser Derby* by attaching a wooden horse head and neck to a water-tight barrel, and mounting it with a jockey in bathing suit and a double-bladed paddle. A tub-race is funereal compared with the fun created by the efforts of the jockey to keep upright and paddle his rolling, unsteady mount. Many others nearly as mirth-provoking are given—racing on planks, on round logs, paddling punts, punting canoes, etc.

UNLESS he may be on board one of the competing boats, a yacht-race, as a rule, is not interesting to the average man, even though he belong to a yacht club and call himself a yachtsman. Therefore to give up a few days during the season to games and to racing on a course within easy reach of spectators is a wise as well as a sporting thing to do. Aside from being thoroughly popular with the average club man and his family, it produces really excellent sport, and is good fun for every one.

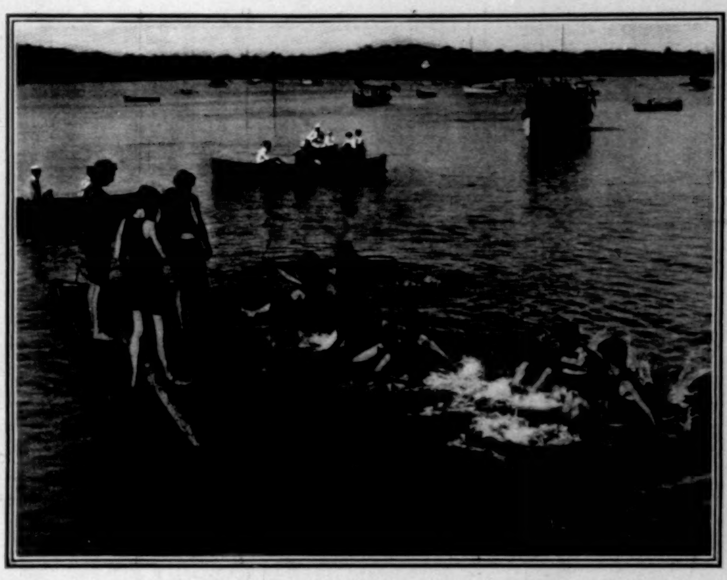
At Larchmont the water sports included swimming and tub-racing, and aquatic baseball—that was exceedingly laughable and really required not a little skill—and some high diving through paper screens (illustrations of these appeared last week), that disclosed much daring and natatorial art. The committee next year can easily and considerably augment their programme without fear of overdoing it. Indeed, a day of canoe racing and sailing might be added, and the pleasure and sport of the week greatly increased thereby. No sport is so interesting, and few so clean, as canoeing, either paddling or sailing, and there are ample facilities for both on the bay off the Larchmont club-house.



"KESTREL" AND "SYCE" STARTING.

The club has the chance of making this "race week" an attractive seven days of sport and unique entertainment. More small-boat racing ought to be held in the harbor, and I can see no reason why an invitation 'cross-country and track-athletic meet should not be planned for one of the afternoons; it would be neither difficult nor costly to lay out a track on grass. The Larchmont Yacht Club has really also the equipment and a majority of the advantages of a country club, and might quite fittingly, and no doubt with eventual profit, add all of its entertaining features.

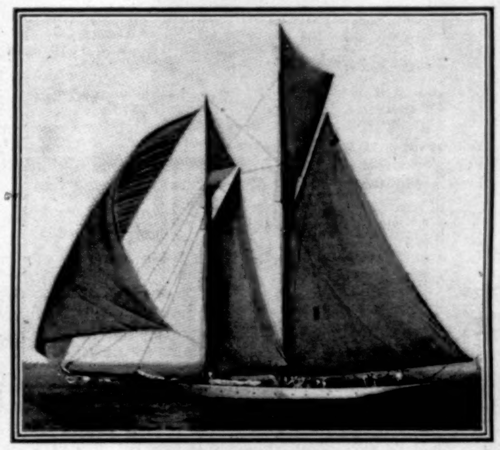
Mere yacht-races do not attract spectators—and it is to be remembered by all yacht-club governors that the spectators supply three-quarters of the club members.



WATER SPORTS AT LARCHMONT—START OF THE TUB-RACE.

QUITE the racing features of the Larchmont week were furnished by the meeting on several occasions of *Colonia*, *Amorita*, and *Quisetta*, all in one class; by the match between *Amorita* and *Quisetta*; and the repeated duels of *Syce* and *Kestrel*. In four races—schooners all in one class—*Colonia* won a first, two seconds, and a third; *Amorita* made the same record; and *Quisetta*, which sailed in only three of these races, won two and got a third place in the other. On the day of *Amorita's* victory in this class, *Quisetta* failed to start; but, on the other hand, *Amorita* beat *Quisetta* fairly in a match race by over three minutes.

The two seem so evenly matched it is difficult to choose between them—certainly, thus far, no work has revealed decided all-round superiority for one or the other. In the New York Yacht Club regatta, with a fairly good breeze, *Amorita* beat *Quisetta*; in the Seawanhaka-Corinthian regatta, in light and sometimes baffling wind, *Quisetta* turned the tables; while in a good topsail breeze, in the Atlantic Club's regatta, *Amorita* was again successful; in the Larchmont Fourth-of-July regatta, *Quisetta* won in a good, strong, steady breeze.



"COLONIA" WINNING AT LARCHMONT.

All told, then, the two have met this season seven times, and on four occasions *Quisetta* has crossed the finish-line first. I have come near several times to venturing the opinion that *Quisetta* is the faster in strong steady winds, and *Amorita* a more dependable winner in light to fluky airs; but the work of the two in recent regattas entirely upsets such an impression, even though it has not been recorded.

They are two splendid schooners, handled with consummate skill, and nothing less than a long series of matches including all kinds of weather will determine the better.

Something in this line may be accomplished in the New York Yacht Club cruise, with the races off Newport following.

"COLONIA'S" superiority in her class was established last year, and this season she has been sailing against all comers, and generally winning, despite the heavy time allowance penalties frequently imposed upon her. She began by losing in the New York Yacht Club regatta the Bennett Cup to *Amorita*, which accomplished the remarkable feat of beating *Colonia* 3 minutes, boat for boat, though luck in finding the wind was largely responsible for her success. But in the Larchmont Fourth-of-July regatta *Colonia* redeemed herself in steady weather by doing the course seven minutes quicker than *Amorita*, and in her own class handsomely winning from *Atlantic* and *Ariel*. In subsequent meetings, during the Larchmont race week, *Colonia* has clearly outclassed these last two.

ADDITIONAL interest was given the special schooner race, on the second day of the week, by the appearance of H. C. Eno's *Latona*, a fine-looking boat with a racing length of 74.42, but it was not long sustained. Although about the same racing length as *Amorita* (74.86) and *Quisetta* (71.10), *Latona* in no way compares with either in point of speed. Boat for boat, *Amorita* beat her over half an hour, and in a special match race the old *Atlantic* (racing length, 86.31) defeated the new schooner 5 min. 17 sec., corrected time. *Latona* did not appear in racing trim again at Larchmont, but we shall hope to see her on the New York Yacht Club cruise, where a disclosure of her weatherly qualities and speed under cruising canvas may be expected. As a racer pure and simple, she certainly appears not to be in the class with *Amorita* and *Quisetta*.

I noticed, by-the-way, and with much concern, that the classes for boats in cruising trim did not fill well at Larchmont, and would suggest special inducement in this direction to attract entries. Too little heed is given the cruiser classes, and in point of fact they are the backbone of yachting. A few wealthy mug-hunters may build racing-machines and discard them as rapidly as they are defeated, only to build others swifter, but the bulk of yachtsmen must build boats suitable for cruising as well, and it is this class of men rather than the other fickle one that supports yacht clubs and yachting.

ALTHOUGH no doubt remains as to the greater speed of *Syce* (racing length, 50.86), yet her races with *Kestrel* (48.37) have been among the most interesting of the season. These boats belong to a class, serviceable for cruising and handy in racing, that is dear to the heart of the practical yachtsman. It ought to be made the limit length for sloops, and every effort made to fill the class. Filling of the excellent classes we already have is now and has been for several years, indeed, the most pressing need of American yachting.

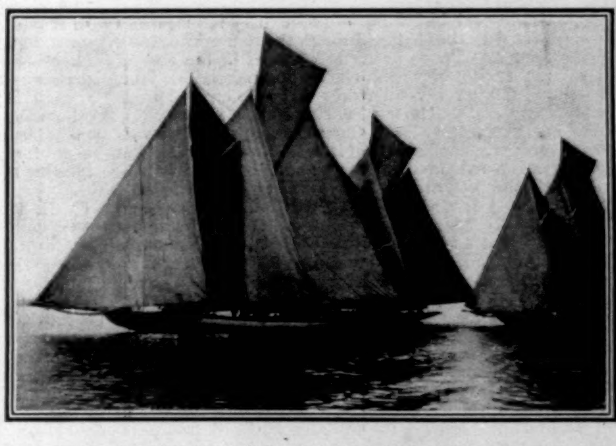
Syce and *Kestrel* have met nine times this season, and once only, and by the narrow margin of five seconds, at the Seawanhaka-Corinthian regatta, has *Kestrel* won. *Acushla II.*, of the same class, is not in the running with the other two, and has started only occasionally against them, to be badly defeated every time.

Among the smaller racers, *Possum* (34.73) left no doubt of its superiority until it met the euphonious *O'Shima Sam* (J. T. Pratt), which treated J. R. Maxwell, Jr.'s, flyer to a two minutes' beating and a great surprise. Mr. Pratt did not enter his boat again, but the next race between the two will be a treat.

Undoubtedly the most gratifying exhibition of the Larchmont week was the large number of racers ranging from 51 feet down to the 20-footers, and especially of those running from 30 to 20 feet—including the Knockabouts, for these are the boats that develop Corinthian sailor-men and yachtsmen in the best meaning of the word.

NO race this year, however, has stirred yachtsmen to so much enthusiasm as the ocean race arranged by the Atlantic Yacht Club at the close of its cruise, from Shelter Island to New York—138 miles. The starters were—schooners: *Katrina*, Robert E. Tod (73.14); *Sachem*, Frederick T. Adams (90 61); *Ramona*, B. M. Whitlock (105.84); *Coronet*, J. I. Waterbury (114.84). Sloops: *Awa*, T. L. Arnold (46.88); and *Daphne*, George Copeland (51.00). With the exception of *Sachem* and *Coronet*, the yachts were sailed by their owners.

The weatherly conditions were fine throughout the race; neither flukes nor calms nor mishaps in the (about) twenty-



SCHOONERS ALL IN ONE CLASS—THE START.

six hours of sailing, and the race remarkable among ocean contests on that account and because of the closeness of the contestants at the finish. Only (about) five minutes separated the first from the last schooner of the four at the finish; and *Katrina* and *Sachem*, in particular, had a notable struggle, having crossed the line almost together at the start, sailed different courses, and finished one second apart, elapsed time. *Katrina* finished third, 26 h. 44 m. 16 s.; *Sachem*, fourth, 26 h. 44 m. 17 s.; *Ramona*, first, 26 h. 39 m. 9 s.; *Coronet*, second, 26 h. 43 m. 24 s. Corrected time—*Katrina* wins, beating *Sachem* 59 m. 21 s.; *Ramona*, 1 h. 32 m. 54 s.; and *Coronet*, 1 h. 56 m. 26 s. *Awa* beat *Daphne* 1 h. 30 m. 45 s.

The example of the Atlantic club should be followed.

PLAY for the President's Cup over the Shinnecock links has come to be regarded by golfers as one of the important events of the year. Those who take up their summer residence at Southampton view this tournament, indeed, as very next in importance to the National Championship; but without going so far and without prejudice, it is safe to say that few attract a better class of entries, and none is more entertaining. It is an entry list, too, that is quite apt to materialize good golf, and there is always sure to be at least one or two of the first class among the starters.

But the most interesting feature of the Shinnecock tourney is the common battle-ground it provides for those players whom each spring heralds as "factors" in the forth-coming amateur championship, in which, for one good reason or another, they usually fail to start. Shinnecock, in fact, coming as it does immediately after the national event has tried out the first-class division, and when the spring crop of aspirants have attained some steadiness, is a trustworthy, if occasionally a harsh, arbiter of golfing rank.

LAST year H. B. Hollins, Jr., returned the best score (166) in the preliminary round, and also won the President's Cup, by defeating George C. Clark, Jr., 1 up in thirty-seven holes, while Clark and James F. Curtis—Inter-collegiate champion of '97—tied at 81 for the gold-medal score at eighteen holes. And among the sixteen that qualified in '98 the highest score returned was 181.

The record of this year quite surpasses that of last, and indeed is in no way short of notable. There were 114 entries, and 85 started the preliminary round last week in rain and wind and fog, of the kind such as only Shinnecock, of American courses, can produce. The low score of the sixteen that qualified was 160, and the high score 177—four men being tied with those figures, in fact, for fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth places—while seven more returned cards better than the highest score of '98, and sixty-five players equalled or bettered the limit score (201) of two years ago.

Some of the credit for this increased average of performance is no doubt due to improvement of the course itself, always being bettered under the diligent watchfulness of the club committee, and this year especially pleasing in its loss of those former turf irregularities that made for exasperating and score-expanding cuppy lies.

'TWAS quite on the cards that H. B. Hollins, Jr., should win the gold medal for lowest score in the preliminary round, for his short game is exceptionally strong in score play, even though he appears to lose form both with driver and iron in match rounds—but his final figures (160) were a frank surprise to those who had seen him start off with a foozled drive, and follow it by a badly sliced iron-shot at his second effort. W. J. Travis led the field on the morning round with 78—Roderick Terry, Jr., being second with 79, and Hollins third with 80.

Travis fell off somewhat in the afternoon round, and getting into the railroad track, required 85. Terry also did some unexpected foozling, and had a bit of hard luck that added several strokes to his score; had Clark shown such form earlier as he revealed in the last few holes of the afternoon round, unquestionably he would have moved up a couple of places.

The qualifying sixteen and their scores were: H. B. Hollins, Jr., Westbrook, 160; W. J. Travis, Oakland, 163; Roderick Terry, Jr., Shinnecock, 167; A. M. Brown, Shinnecock, 169; U. A. Murdock, Jr., Shinnecock, 171; T. M. Robertson, Shinnecock, 172; G. C. Clark, Jr., Shinnecock, 172; Daniel Chauncey, Dyker Meadow, 172; A. L. Ripley, Oakley, 173; Jasper Lynch, Lakewood, 175, L. E. Larocque, Shinnecock, 175; Charles Hitchcock, Jr., Point Judith, 176; G. O. Winston, Essex, 176; R. C. Watson, Westbrook, 177; R. C. Churchill, Ardsley, 177; J. T. Curtis, Essex, 177. Last year Hollins did 166; Curtis, 167; Clark, 168; Travis, 172; Chauncey, 175.

There were no names in the unplaced division entitled to greater golfing distinction, though the appearance of F. C. Havemeyer and L. P. Bayard, Jr., among the Consolation cup seekers (eventually won by F. C. H.) did suggest that these two had not fulfilled the promise of a few years back. Bayard last year did 177 against 185 this year.

The best score for nine holes was 37, made by Murdock; Travis, Terry, and Chauncey each having a 38 to their respective credit. Hollins made two 40's, a 41, and a 39.

AFTER his exhibition in the preliminary round, many expected Hollins to last through the tournament until he at least met Travis or Ripley, but, as in the case of several other illustrious and elder score-makers this year, his form fell off several points when he entered upon match play, so that Curtis beat him 1 up in the very first round. On the other hand, Curtis has not played so well for several years as he did against Hollins, whom he beat solely because of his superior steadiness. Hollins was distinctly the better in the actual play of the short game, but he topped drives and sliced and missed iron-shots, and was obviously disturbed by the steadiness of his opponent, who continued true and unhurried in all his shots. Hollins has acquired some "wrinkles" at the tee that assuredly do not improve his driving—if indeed they do not handicap it.

Another of the mild surprises furnished by the first round was defeat of Clark by Murdock—the schoolboy player from St. Mark's. Clark is a match player, and therefore at his best when luck is against him, but he has been on the Harvard nine all season, and the time for practice before this tournament was too short for him to reach top form, or even the form he disclosed last year. The match was one of the most exciting of the tournament; they were even at the ninth after halving five holes, even again at the sixteenth, halved the seventeenth in bogey, and Clark missing his putt, Murdock holed out in par figures, winning by 1 up. With more practice Clark should improve his present game half a dozen strokes, and both these players will be heard from later.

Unluckily Watson met Travis in the very first round, and of course was beaten, 4 up and 3 to play. It would have been interesting and instructive had he remained to meet Hollins, or Curtis, or Clark, for he is a player of possibilities, as he has shown this season by twice being runner-up to Travis, and once defeating Douglas.

PERHAPS the defeat that visited most surprise upon the gallery was that of Terry by Chauncey, 2 up; and yet I do not see why the result should have been a surprise to those who have kept pace with Chauncey's game. From the time he first began play he has been improving steadily; there have been no bursts of brilliant endeavor followed by revelations below normal, but a general upward tendency, with no relapse. Terry gave great promise several years ago, and in fact did very well against Harriman at Chicago on one of the latter's days of poorer play, but he has not reached the point of development I once believed easily within his reach.

Later, when Chauncey met Ripley and defeat, the steadiness of the former's work was apparent, and saved him from being beaten by a larger score, for Ripley's natural game is a very long ball from the tee, and for the rest a kind of "get there" style that is brilliant when it comes off, but very bad when it misses. At all events, the match was exceedingly close and exciting. They halved the first three holes; and though Ripley was 1 up at the ninth, they were even at the eighteenth; but Ripley won the extra hole, 4 to 5, and the match.

TRAVIS has won few matches that tested his steadiness and skill so much as that with Lynch, who, after having beaten Robertson with more or less ease, started off against Travis with the freshness of a boy just out of school and the confidence of an unbeaten champion. Truth to tell, Lynch put up a great game—a better I have never seen him play, and few so good. His iron work especially was so true and clean that in reality it saved him from an otherwise speedy defeat. Travis missed a number of chances on the putting-green, and in this respect was not up to his top form.

Beginning with the fifth hole, they halved seven holes in succession, and of the nine holes that it required to finish the match, four of them were also halved. Lynch was 1 up at the twelfth hole, but they were even at the next, and the next (halved); then Lynch won the fifteenth; the sixteenth was halved; the seventeenth Travis won; the eighteenth and nineteenth were halved; and Lynch foozling his second shot, lost the twentieth hole, and the match, their scores for the twenty holes being 94 and 97. Throughout the match Lynch putted brilliantly, while Travis was weak in this direction, although he had the better of the luck and of the long game.

With Curtis, Travis had much less difficulty—in fact, no difficulty at all—though the former made a sterling last round in 39. Curtis lost what chance he may have had by pulling his drives.

RIPLEY'S showing against Chauncey in the semi-finals gave indication of possible scoring not hitherto believed within range of the Bostonian's form; still it must be confessed his defeat of Travis for the cup produced a genuine sensation. Indeed, defeat of Travis by almost any other of those remaining in the semi-finals round would not have created so much surprise, for Ripley's tendency to the hit-or-miss style is just the sort of game to be most severely punished by the steady good golf of Travis. Nevertheless, Ripley is a match player, and like that other Bostonian, Thorp, prone to sensational putts on occasion. He drives a long ball—when he reaches it—but is quite as apt to top or pull, though he may usually, it seems to me after watching his game, be depended upon to return a good card, for he is one of those players whom dismay does not overtake, and who is likely to make up for a poor drive by an exceptional iron-shot or a remarkable putt.

This kind of work, and some great good-luck (among the rest laying Travis's unplayable stymies twice), added to correspondingly hard luck that befell Travis and his unexampled poor play, largely account for Ripley's victory.

Travis finished the morning round 1 up—Ripley halving the sixteenth and seventeenth holes by putts from quite the edge of the green—but in the afternoon he started off by missing some very easy putts, and Ripley, who had halved the first two holes, secured the third and fourth, and the lead, because of Travis's weakness in that respect. They were square at the next, and Travis won the sixth hole, and again the lead. At the twelfth hole they were all even, at the thirteenth Ripley was 1 up, at the fifteenth the match was square. A carriage in the line of play affected Travis's drive for the sixteenth, and Ripley, not playing until it had been ordered away, sent a long true ball from the tee, and eventually won this hole and the next and the match by 2 up and 1 to play.

Travis was obviously off his game throughout this match—especially in the morning, when he required 85 strokes for the round; the afternoon showed improvement, but there yet remained evidence of uncertain and inharmonious muscles, instanced by topped shots and pressing—the latter a novel exhibition for Travis. Although Ripley is evidently one of those players from whom the unexpected frequently comes, it is highly improbable he could defeat Travis with the latter in his usual form. We shall await with great interest another meeting of the two.

E. H. TEN EYCK left no doubt on Saturday in the regatta of the N.A.R.A., on the Charles River, at Boston, as to his clear title to the single-scull championship of America. Not that there was question of it among those familiar with his form and speed, but ever since he won the Diamond Sculls at Henley, two years ago, various local enthusiasts have been putting forward from time to time oarsmen for whom was repeatedly claimed greater speed than Ten Eyck had revealed, either at home or abroad. Among the most persistent of these were the friends of Joseph B. Maguire (Cambridge), who, in their anxiety for a test between the two, on one or two occasions constituted themselves his "backers," with a view to arranging a match race—and, in fact, came very near to marring the amateur status of their champion.

Two regattas of the National Amateur Rowing Association passed meanwhile, and, strange enough, Ten Eyck and Maguire did not meet, although the former was entered in '97, when Maguire won, and scratched at the last hour because (as reported) of a sore hand. Last year Ten Eyck rowed (and won), but Maguire did not put in an appearance. So this year was the first time the two had come together, and in addition was entered Joseph J. Whitehead (Boston), who won the championship in '96.

Unquestionably, to those who had hearkened to the tales from Cambridge, the race was disappointing; indeed, it was a procession rather than a race, with literally no exciting features after the midway (three-quarter-mile) turn. At the start Ten Eyck, who had drawn the outside and rough course, went off with the pistol, and spurting to the front, quickly crossed over into the smoother water of the other two. He then settled to a long, smooth, and powerful stroke, which kept him easily ahead of Maguire, who was evidently working hard to overtake, and thereby compel him to vacate this water for his own and rougher course. But the effort was futile, and Maguire had to take Ten Eyck's wash, until the latter finally pulled clean away from him in the last half.

BOTH made for the same flag at the turn, and it looked as though a foul was inevitable; but Ten Eyck handled his boat very cleverly, and succeeded in keeping sufficiently away from Maguire so as not to hamper him seriously. That he did make it necessary for Maguire to round with care appeared true from the bank; that Ten Eyck, however, interfered in the slightest with Maguire's chances of winning or with his position in the race is utterly untrue. Maguire claimed a foul, which the judges at the turn very properly did not allow, for the race was decided absolutely on the merits of the contestants.

Ten Eyck in the first half had given the impression of having abundant speed and staying quality in reserve, and when he had rounded the turn he drew on this stock and speedily went away from Maguire, whom he finally defeated by four lengths in 10 min. 16¼ sec. He could as well have made it six to eight lengths. Whitehead was outclassed, and made a poor third.

Next year, I fancy, the national singles will not be won so easily, for John Rumohr (Rat Portage), who won the Association event this year in 10 min. 25 sec., is a sculler of considerable speed, and C. S. Titus, who was second, from New Orleans, seems, next to him, the most promising of the singles candidates. Titus beat Juvenal handily in the trial heats, and both he and Lewis (third in Association final) could undoubtedly defeat Whitehead, and Titus would give Maguire the race of his life.

ONE of the gratifying features of the regatta was the appearance of crews from the West and South, and though, individually considered, they failed to make as good a showing as might fairly be expected, yet at all events there was satisfaction in their mere coming. The number of entries was considerably below what a national regatta of this character should attract, not only from the West, but from the East. From the Middle Atlantic clubs, and especially from New York and New Jersey, the entries were so few as to suggest decadence of rowing in those sections. There are clubs and good rowing-courses all over New England, and yet only a few clubs were represented. It seems as though effort in the direction of encouraging sectional regattas would have the desired effect of developing more crews of the first class. The National Association performs its work well, and fulfils its duty conscientiously and capably. It is too bad local clubs do not give more generously and spontaneously of the much-needed support.

Quite the best racing of the two days was furnished by the Boston Inter-scholastic and the New York Athletic Club crews in the straightaway Intermediate-eight event. On the first day, after a close, hard struggle all the way, the N. Y. A. C. crew finished in front by a narrow margin; but No. 7 in the Vesper boat having slipped his slide at the start, the race was ordered rowed over on the second day, and this time, after desperate work, the Inter-scholastic crew won from the N. Y. A. C. by a dozen feet (in 8 min. 4 sec.), although the latter had held the lead for a considerable part of the way.

In the Senior eight the Pennsylvania Barge Club successfully defended its title, winning handily (in 7 min. 40¼ sec.) from the very good Knickerbocker crew. The Vesper eight did not make so good a showing as it had on July 4, and only with great difficulty made a dead-heat with the Millstreams for third place.

The Senior double-scull and Senior international four-oared-shell events were won in hollow style, the first by Ten Eyck and Lewis (Wachusett Club) from a Delaware (Chicago) Boat Club pair, and the second by the Brockville (Canada) Club from the Western (St. Louis) Club crew, which was outclassed. But in the national Senior fours the Pennsylvania Barge Club crew defeated (in 9 min. 48½ sec.) the identical Brockville crew that beat the Western Club, and thus, after all, won for the United States the honor of having the fastest four in the regatta.

CANADIAN entries were not as frequent winners as has been usually the case, though lack of entries from the Argonaut Club, which sent its men to Henley, undoubtedly is in part explanatory. Yet some improvement is noticeable in the general form of Association oarsmen, and this is especially true of the Boston crews and of some of the comparatively new club representatives from elsewhere in New England. The Philadelphia crews, Vesper and Pennsylvania Barge, show about their usual form—the latter perhaps somewhat smoother and more together than any club eight rowing to-day.

Perhaps the most frequently recurring thought with regard to Philadelphia rowing, however, is why, with exceptional facilities—the best, in fact, in America—and some dozen clubs with the handsomest boat-houses in the world, we do not see more first-class crews bearing the emblems of those clubs along the Schuylkill.

Because proper facilities are lacking is often heard as excuse for our not having more club rowing, but the exhibition at Philadelphia, and at Boston too, although there is much recent improvement in the latter boating locality, indicates that not facilities are lacking, but spirit. The same is true throughout the country. Facilities abound, but crews are scarce. I fear we must settle to the conviction that the spirit of rowing is not strong within us. The attendance of spectators at the regatta last week was very large.

Caspar Whitney.

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PRESIDENT McKINLEY STARTING FROM THE TRAIN ON HIS ARRIVAL AT LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Americanizing the Church in Cuba and Puerto Rico

AN event of vital importance to the future of the recently conquered islands was the joint consecration, on Sunday, July 2, in the ancient cathedral of New Orleans, of Most Reverend François de Paula Barnada, Archbishop of Santiago de Cuba, and Right Reverend James Hubert Blenk, S. M., Bishop of Puerto Rico. The consecrator was Most Reverend P. L. Chapelle, Archbishop of New Orleans, Apostolic Delegate Extraordinary to Cuba and Puerto Rico, and *chargé d'affaires* of the Philippine Islands. The appointment of the bishops of Cuba and Puerto Rico was made by the Pope at the request of Archbishop Chapelle.

Bishop Blenk, a native of New Orleans, and an American to the core, received his primary and grammar school education in New Orleans. After completing his classical course in Northern colleges, he decided to enter the Society of Mary, or, as the order is generally called, the Marists. With this view he entered Jefferson College, Louisiana, and subsequently studied in France and Ireland. He was ordained in 1885, and immediately returned to labor among his own people in Louisiana. He became President of Jefferson College in 1891, and in 1897, while in charge of the Church of the Holy Name of Mary, Algiers, New Orleans, he won the undying love and gratitude of the people by his heroic conduct in the yellow-fever epidemic. When Archbishop Chapelle was appointed apostolic delegate to Cuba and Puerto Rico, and *chargé d'affaires* of the Philippine Islands—a mission which meant the reconstruction of the Catholic Church along American lines in the new countries—Father Blenk, as auditer of the delegation, accompanied the delegate upon his first official visit to the islands, and displayed such ability, knowledge of the situation, and tact that the Holy See naturally looked to him when planning the reorganization and reconstruction of the Church in the now American island of Puerto Rico.

Of equal significance is the appointment of Archbishop François de Paula Barnada to the ancient see of Santiago de Cuba, for this is the first occasion on which that high office has been conferred upon a native Cuban. Archbishop Barnada was born at Santiago in 1835, and there ordained in 1858. Several years later he took the degree of Doctor of Divinity at the University of Salamanca, Spain, then occupied the chair of Philosophy and Theology in the Seminary of Havana from 1861 to 1888, and in the latter year was stationed at Matanzas. The first time that he set foot on American soil was when the steamer *Aranzas* reached New Orleans, bringing him to be consecrated for the office of Archbishop of Santiago and metropolitan of all Cuba, to which dignity he had been appointed by the Pope at the request of Archbishop Chapelle. After the ceremony Bishop Barnada returned to Santiago, vested with full powers to proceed with the reconstruction of the Church in the ever-vexed island. He is considered essentially a man of the times, eminently fitted for this transition period of the Church in Cuba.

In November next Archbishop Chapelle will make his second official visit to Cuba and Puerto Rico. In this connection it may be noted with interest that he has resided in America ever since he was sixteen years of age. He was first stationed in Baltimore as secretary to Cardinal Gibbons, and later was appointed to St. Matthew's Church, Washington. Thence, some eight years ago, he was sent as coadjutor to Archbishop Salpointe, at Santa Fe, New Mexico; upon the death of Archbishop Salpointe he succeeded to the Santa Fe diocese. He came to New Orleans in February, 1898, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Archbishop Janssens.

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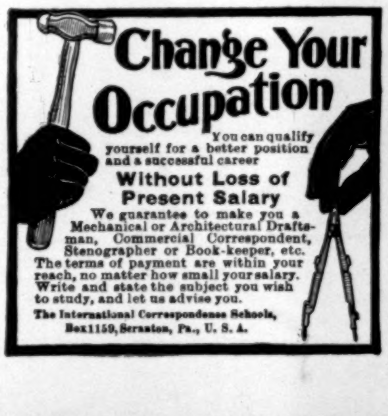

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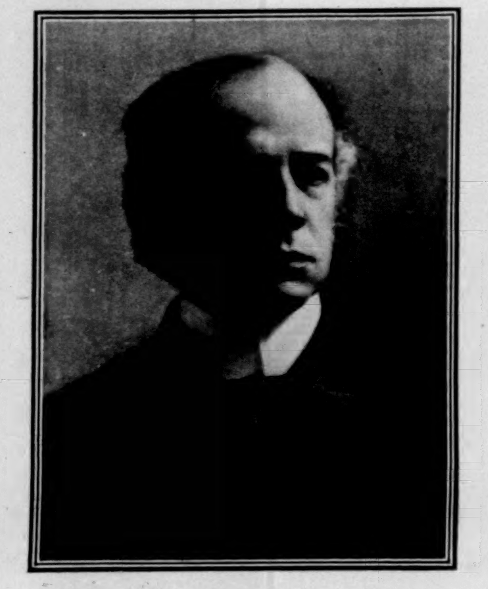

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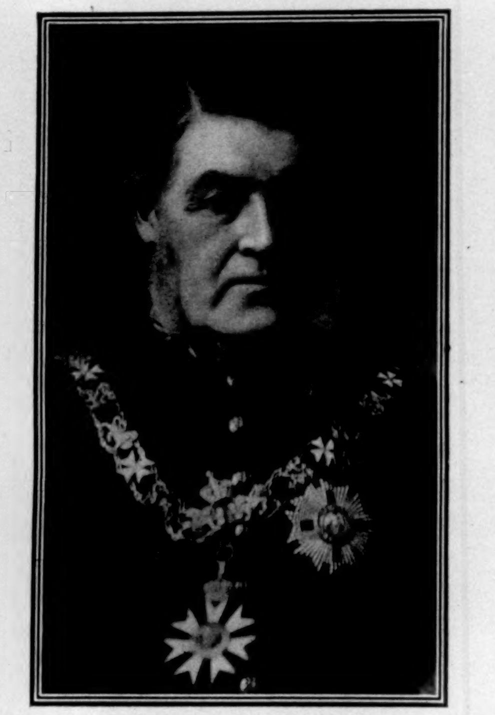

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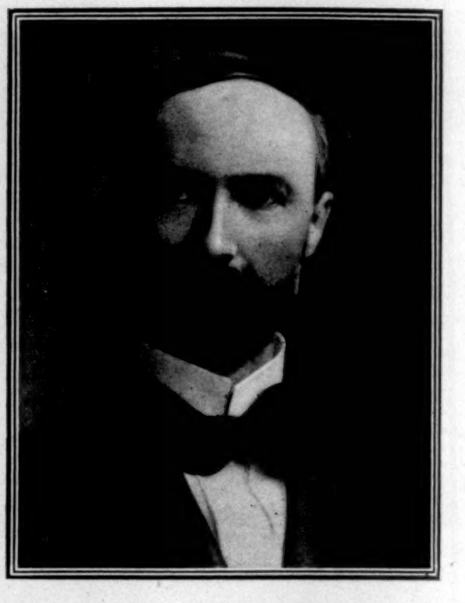


SENATOR CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS,
Chairman of the American contingent of the Joint Commission.

The Alaskan Boundary

THE return of Senator Fairbanks from his official visit to Alaska, as chairman of the United States contingent in the Anglo-American Joint Commission, was almost immediately followed by the announcement of the indefinite suspension of the further sessions of the commission. This means that for the present neither side has any more concessions to propose with regard to the Alaska boundary, and fresh interest has thus been aroused in the present status of the controversy. This is a pretty well kept diplomatic secret; but enough facts have been gleaned from various quarters to give the public a fair idea of the points still in dispute.

From 1825, when the boundary between the British and the Russian possessions in North America was settled by treaty, no question was raised as to the construction of the terms of the treaty till 1884. In this interval of nearly sixty years the universally accepted maps showed the line, roughly, as in the miniature map accompanying this article.

Then, at about the same time that the Bering Sea question took a serious turn, the Canadians began to put out maps showing different lines, indicating by their disparity that there was a disposition on the part of our northern neighbors to uproot old landmarks, without having a very definite idea of where they should put them down again.

The treaty of 1825 ran the boundary from the head of Portland Canal—some distance south of where our map ends—along "the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast" till it reached the 141st degree of west longitude, and thence due north to the frozen ocean.

The 141st degree of west longitude can be determined astronomically; but the geographers presently discovered that there was no such mountain chain parallel to the coast as the framers of the treaty supposed. Another article of the treaty, however, provided that when these mountains "shall prove to be at the distance of more than ten marine leagues from the ocean," the line must be run "parallel to the winding of the coast," and should "never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom."

Now what is meant by the "winding of the coast"? The boundary so long undisputed assumed that the group of islands which line the coast were to be excluded in any event, and that the boundary, in the case of bays, inlets, and the like, should be measured from the head of navigable water, wherever that might be. An extreme Canadian claim, which has never been seriously urged, proposes to treat the outer coast of the islands as if it were the edge of the mainland. A more tenable claim proposed to treat the coast-line as extending, in the case of all considerable indentations, from headland to headland across the mouth. It is under this construction that the Canadians, wishing an outlet from their gold-fields to the sea nearer than the head of Portland Canal, recently demanded that the line shall cut Lynn Canal in twain, instead of taking the long route around, as always heretofore charted. When this was refused, they haggled over a compromise which should at least give them Pyramid Harbor, on the west shore of Chilkat Inlet. This would give them a clear way out to the sea by way of Lynn Canal; and at the same time, by a wide-sweeping curve, the line could be made to leave Dyea and Skagway, two towns built up largely by citizens of the United States, still on our territory.

There is one admitted point of merit in this proposal, for it at least carries its curved line along the peaks of the Katusk Mountains. Our representatives on the international commission objected to it, however, on the ground that it conceded a port to Canada, whereas the distinct purpose Russia had in view in the treaty of 1825 was to control the coast absolutely from Portland Canal northward; that this was understood by Great Britain when she consented to the terms of the treaty; and that we acquired all the rights and equities of Russia when we bought Alaska from her in 1867. There the controversy stands at present, each party holding firmly to its own view, and both recognizing the fact that either a retreat on one side or the other, or arbitration, or war, can permanently settle the points in dispute. War is probably out of the question; neither party is in a spirit just now for retreat; and unreserved arbitration, it is feared by our commissioners, might result, as so many proceedings of that kind do, in a compromise or split between the conflicting claims, which would break down the essential principles on which we have founded our defence of the prescriptive boundary.

Although Senator Fairbanks is precluded, by the semi-judicial character of his office as commissioner, from discussing the merits of the boundary controversy, he talks most interestingly of his observations during his trip to the far Northwest.

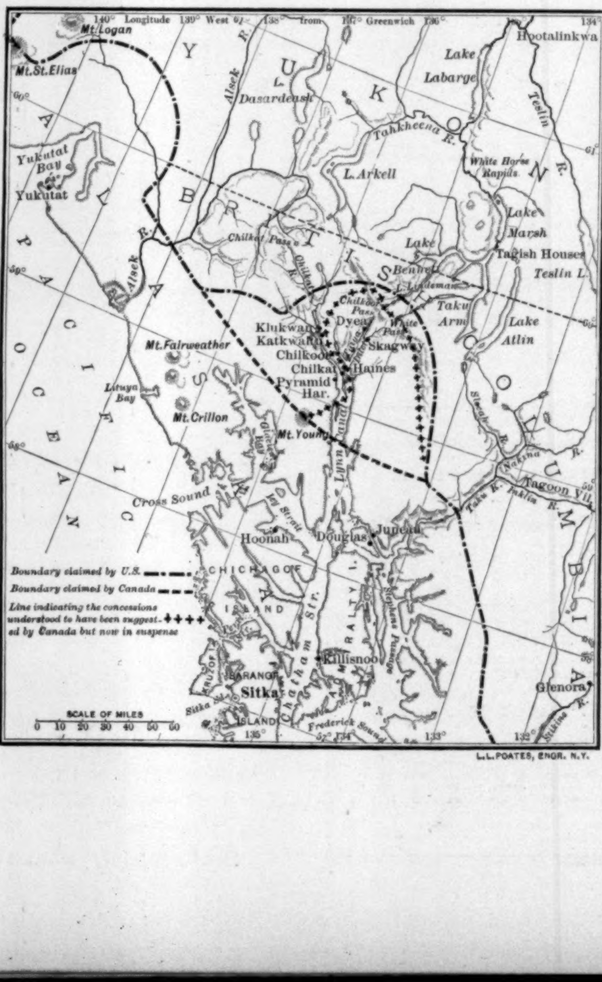
"The development of southeastern Alaska," he says, "surprises me with its substantial character. The chief resources are minerals and fisheries, but less attention is paid to the fisheries than their importance warrants. Many canneries have been in successful operation for several years under control of the A. P. A. Association of the coast. This is not the society whose anti-Catholic propaganda has alarmed so many of our political friends, but a syndicate or combination of a number of strong fishery interests. Hitherto the syndicate has enjoyed its highly profitable privileges without contributing anything to the support of the government; but with the 1st of July, I believe, it was to begin paying a tax of four cents a case on its canned fish. Another large industry is the extracting of oil from halibut and other fish. The residuum is made into a fertilizer, which is shipped to Hawaii for agricultural use. We saw 700 tons of it piled on the docks at one port where we stopped.

"There is little placer mining in southeastern Alaska. Most of the gold there occurs in quartz, requiring a large expenditure of capital to reduce. Placer mining is the poor man's mining, because its processes are cheap; and the poor men who have prospected for gold in southeastern Alaska and located only quartz-mines have been obliged practically to give them away to richer men who could develop them. A good deal of the quartz is of low grade, assaying, say, $3 to the ton, and would not pay for taking out, except on a wholesale scale. But the Treadwell district, even on this basis, has been enormously remunerative to its proprietors. The city of Douglas, on Douglas Island, is as large as Juneau, the metropolis of the mainland, and has been built up on the development of these mines. It is estimated that in the three or four Treadwell mines gold worth $135,000,000 is in sight. There are 800 stamp-mills on the ground, the largest aggregation of such machinery in the world. They are run night and day throughout the year, except only on the Fourth of July and Christmas. Most of the placer mining I saw in southeastern Alaska is in the Silver Bow basin. The whole valley is practically a large placer, and streams of water, brought there in flumes, are kept playing on the deposit in the basin. The gold there is estimated to be enough to keep the mining going twenty-five or thirty years. The surrounding hills contain also quartz deposits like those on Douglas Island; but whereas on the island the usual methods of shaft and tunnelling are used, at Silver Bow the quartz is got out by blasting right into the side of the mountain. All the quartz deposits in this part of Alaska seem to be notable for the almost vertical direction of their strata and their freedom from faults.

"Southeastern Alaska has legitimate social and commercial aspirations. Juneau contains three thousand people, and this and other good-sized places have their fair proportion of energetic professional and business men, with well-organized boards of trade and similar agencies. But on every side is heard the complaint of the inability of citizens to acquire title to the lots on which they have built their dwellings and places of business. Even general improvements have to be made at private expense, if at all. There is no government clothed with the taxing power. If a street is laid out as a matter of public necessity, there is no means of extorting a penny from any one toward paying for it. The trouble is that Alaska has developed so rapidly that legislation has not kept pace with it. Of course, under such conditions, the school system is inadequate, there being neither enough buildings nor enough teachers. The judicial system, also, is very imperfect. Judge Johnson of the United States District Court, an upright and faithful officer, who devotes all his time to his duty, finds the work too much for one man. His jurisdiction is equivalent to two-thirds of all the United States east of the Mississippi River. It covers more than 577,000 square miles. A single illustration cited by Judge Johnson shows one of the faults of the present system. A man accused of crime was bound over by a United States commissioner in the Yukon district last fall, but cannot be brought to trial until next fall. Meanwhile it has become evident that he will have to be released because of the impossibility of collecting the witnesses for the government; but although he is not lawfully condemned to punishment, he will have suffered a year's confinement already.

"There ought to be one judge for the Yukon district proper, and another for southeastern Alaska. Indeed, there is a strong sentiment in favor of cutting Alaska into two Territories, making Mount St. Elias the point of division. The people of southeastern Alaska claim that the interests of the two sections conflict; that the settlers who have invaded the Yukon country have gone there not to establish permanent homes, but only to stay as long as the mining pays; and that if the Territory as a whole were given a legislature, there is reason to fear that the Yukon district, with its shifting population and ephemeral interests, would obtain a preponderating influence, to the disadvantage of its sister district.

"One of the signs of the times in Alaska is the Skagway and Yukon River Railway, now in operation from Skagway to Lake Bennett. It overcomes the most difficult part of the entrance to the Yukon country from Skagway. Its construction involved some picturesque engineering, as where men had to be let down from the top of a cliff to drill holes in the face of the rock so that a road-bed could be blasted out for the tracks. It is wonderful to look at this railway and reflect how so many miners, with their



L. L. POATES, ENGR. N.Y.

hundreds of tons of supplies, ever made their way across the old trail. They could not have done it but for the aid of the faithful horse; but the draft upon their stock of horseflesh must have been enormous to make good the losses by the way. A little more than a year ago about 4000 dead horses were counted between Skagway and Lake Bennett. The constant wear on the surface of the trail at certain points had destroyed the little herbage on the rocks, and made the footing so treacherous that horses would slip and fall into the valley. George A. Brackett, of Minnesota, constructed a wagon-road from Skagway to White City, following the old trail, but the demands of commerce made a railway imperative, and brought ruin to his private enterprise; though I am glad to say that the company gave him some compensation for rights he had acquired and for the use of parts of his road in hauling materials for the construction of the railroad.

"Alaska has a tremendous resource in her water power. Many of the mountains wear a cap of perpetual snow, and the water from this comes down in cascades at frequent intervals. The power is available only for the five or six months of mildest weather, for in the winter the streams generally freeze. The climate of southeastern Alaska, however, is much milder than Eastern people commonly suppose. Governor Brady says that the average temperature at Sitka is more favorable than at Washington, D.C. The people wear the same weight of clothing the year round. This comparative evenness of temperature is largely due to the Japan current. There is a great deal of rain, but it is said that one gets used to this after a little while."

Tallulah's Shame

ON July 20 five Sicilians were lynched in the little town of Tallulah, Louisiana.

Tallulah is a town of two hundred and fifty people, twenty-one miles west of Vicksburg, Mississippi. It is the seat of justice of Madison Parish, and as the circuit court was in session, there was a large number of people in town from the surrounding country, summoned as witnesses, jurors, and suitors before the court.

Tallulah contained five Italian residents. They were above the average in intelligence and progressiveness, and were fairly well-to-do. Landing originally at New Orleans, they had worked their way up to Vicksburg, and thence had moved to Tallulah, where they were doing a good business in fruit, vegetables, and poultry, having four small stores in the town. There were two other Italians in Madison, with a store at Millikens Bend, on the Mississippi, several miles away. These seven constituted the entire Italian colony of Madison; there were no women or children. All were from the little town of Cefalù, Sicily, and all save one were relatives. The Tallulah colony consisted of Frank, "Joe," and Charles De Fatta, brothers, a cousin, Rosario Fiducia (generally known as "Si" Defrechi), and Giovanni Cerario. At Millikens Bend lived the Definos, cousins of the De Fattas. All of the Italians spoke English, had adopted the American dress and habits, and were desirous of becoming American citizens; and it is claimed that three had been naturalized.

Next to Frank De Fatta's store lived Dr. J. F. Hodge. Dr. Hodge and his Italian neighbor had been on the best of terms. The doctor had attended De Fatta when sick, and the Italian seemed to appreciate his kindness, and would not allow him to pay for fruit afterward. Latterly some goats belonging to De Fatta disturbed Dr. Hodge by running up and down his porch at night. After several complaints, which received no attention, the doctor shot one of the offending goats. De Fatta was much excited by this, but the matter was smoothed over.

When the doctor was returning home on July 20, as he was passing in front of the stores of Joe and Charles De Fatta, he was surprised to see Charles rush on him and grapple with him. Dr. Hodge, who is a very powerful man, knocked the Italian down with a blow of his fist, and then hit him on the head with a pistol used as a club. Joe De Fatta, standing in his store, saw the fight, and seized a gun. The doctor fired his pistol, and Joe replied with both barrels of the gun, the shot striking the doctor in the stomach. The shot did not penetrate far, and the doctor found no difficulty in walking to his office. He declared the wound not dangerous, and it was so diagnosed by a Vicksburg doctor.

The noise of the shooting brought a crowd to the scene. Among those who came were the other Italians, carrying guns. Whatever their intention may have been, they did nothing.

The crowd from the court-house, however, was excited and threatening, and the news circulated that the "Dagoes" had assassinated Dr. Hodge. There were cries of "Lynch them," and the Italians, seeing the danger, fled. Frank De Fatta, Giovanni Cerario, and Rosario Fiducia made no resistance. They were promptly overpowered, disarmed, and locked up in the parish jail. The two other De Fattas barricaded themselves in their house, but made no further efforts to protect themselves. The mob battered in the window and door, and shot Joe three times before he surrendered.

There was some little talk of the law being allowed to take its course, but the sentiment was very nearly unanimous in favor of lynching, on the ground that the Italians had been guilty of conspiracy and assassination. Death was voted to Joe and Charles first, as the most guilty. They were taken to the cattle-pen, a few hundred yards from the jail, where Joe was first hanged, and then Charles. The mob then hesitated. Some were for stopping just there, but at second thought it was concluded to lynch two others of the prisoners, Frank De Fatta and his cousin Rosario Fiducia. It looked for some time as though Cerario, the last of the five, would escape; but it was finally decided to exterminate the entire crowd, and Cerario was strung up by the side of the other two, to a cottonwood-tree in the jail-yard.

As for the Definos, they escaped to Vicksburg the next day in a skiff, Joe Defino turning over his store to a neighbor.

These are the facts as to the trouble which led to the lynching and the lynching itself. Since the affair, and the discovery that it was likely to cause trouble to the United States, to Louisiana, and to Madison Parish, a case has been built up to excuse or palliate the lynching by proving that the Italians hanged were "bad men"—a very strong expression in Louisiana—and that a conspiracy had existed for the assassination of Dr. Hodge. As every white man in Madison—so the sheriff testifies—was implicated in the affair, as the lynching is condoned and justified by the district judge, district attorney, senator, sheriff, and other officials, and as the witnesses who might testify on the other side, the Italians, are dead, this case would seem to be easily made. But it is not. On the contrary, my impression is that it disproves itself.

The real cause lies in the peculiar conditions of society in Madison Parish. It is the blackest district in the United States. In a population of 16,000 there are only one hundred and sixty white families. There are twenty negroes to one white, and in some sections they stand one hundred to one. Yet the entire power is in the hands of the whites. They own all the land and other property. They alone vote; they alone sit on juries. They elect all the officers and administer all the affairs of the parish. Their administration is excellent; the schools are good, the courts fair and competent, and justice rarely miscarries. But with so small a white population in the midst of such an overwhelming majority of negroes "a strong hand" has been deemed necessary to keep the latter in subjection; and accordingly, in causes arising between whites and negroes, the most summary method is resorted to rather than the ordinary slow processes of the law. When a planter was killed by a negro in 1894 nine negroes were lynched for it, and but a short time ago a negro was lynched for shooting at a white man. The Tallulah affair has brought out the fact that there have been several recent lynchings in Madison which the papers did not report—one only two months ago, at Omega.

When the Italians first came into Madison, a few years ago, they were a puzzle to the white people of that parish. Like the bat, they were difficult to classify, and this was more difficult because they dealt mainly with the negroes, and associated with them nearly on terms of equality. They could therefore hardly be classed as "white men," and yet they were certainly not negroes. Just how to treat them was a difficult problem. It has finally been settled. They are to get the justice awarded a negro in Madison who assaults, or shoots at, or kills a white man—lynching; not a trial. The whites who rule and administer Madison are not willing to admit the Italian to their ranks.

NORMAN WALKER.

The New Secretary of War

THE acceptance by President McKinley of General Alger's resignation of the war portfolio, to take effect on August 1, was followed by the announcement that the President desired to secure for this position an experienced lawyer rather than a military man. The new appointee, it was said, would be expected to concern himself with the many difficult legal questions coming before the War Department in connection with Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines. A trained legal mind was needed for the task of formulating systems of government for our new possessions, while, for a time at least, the campaign in the Far East would be directed by the Adjutant-General, the President himself, and perhaps by some as yet undiscovered leader endowed with military genius, if God should send him. Accordingly the choice fell upon a distinguished member of the New York bar, whose qualifications, regarded from this point of view, were of a very high order. The post was offered to Mr. Elihu Root, and accepted by him on July 22.

Mr. Root was born at Clinton, Oneida County, New York, on February 15, 1845, his father being Professor Oren Root, of

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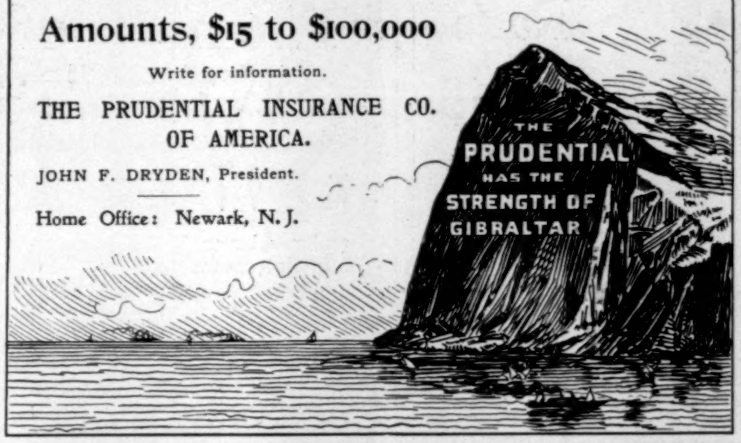
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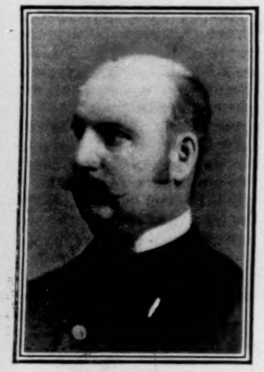
Hamilton College. After graduating from Hamilton with the highest honors in 1864, he taught for a year in the academy at Rome, near Clinton; then studied law in New York city, under the tuition of John Norton Pomeroy, dean of the legal faculty of New York University. Here he was admitted to the bar in 1867, and for more than thirty years has continued in the active and successful practice of his profession. In 1879 he was a candidate for the office of Judge of the Court of Common Pleas; he was United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York from March, 1883, to July, 1885; in 1886 he was made chairman of the New York County Republican Committee; for several years he was the executive member from the Twenty-first Assembly District, and vice-president of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York; he was vice-president of the New York Grant Monument Association; he has been president of the New England Society in the city of New York, and of the Republican Club, and is now president of the Union League Club; he served as chairman of the judiciary committee of the State Constitutional Convention, and was influential in framing the judiciary article, one of the most important divisions of the constitution. Mr. Root has been a trustee of Hamilton College since 1883, and received the degree of LL.D. from that institution in 1894.

Purchase of Killarney

IN a recent review of a charming Spanish book Mr. Howells expresses his regret that, with all our acquisitions from Spain, we neglected to treat for the cession of at least three of her novelists, and he says of Valdés especially, "I wish we had him for our own." The element of humor in this suggestion does not diminish its value, but, on the contrary, rather enhances it; and so it may be said of the proposal of a Tammany syndicate to purchase the Lakes of Killarney, or at least a part of that marvellously beautiful region—that we may well wish we had them for our own. It is surely a boon, in these days of war stories and the facts of war, to find occasion for reposing mind and heart in the peace that makes the charm of the literary art commended by Mr. Howells, as well as of the landscape above which "angels fold their wings and rest." From a statement by the President of the Borough of Manhattan we learn that the motive for the proposed purchase was admirable. The visits of tourists who were attracted to the lakes by their picturesque scenery constituted the principal source of revenue to that portion of Ireland; Mr. Burke Roche, representing the Killarney district in Parliament, stated that if a private individual should purchase the Muckross estates, "tourists would be denied access to this romantic spot, and consequently the moneys now distributed there by visitors would be cut off, and his constituents would be placed in dire distress." It was evident, too, that steps should be taken to avert this sad fate, inasmuch as the lands were actually offered for sale; accordingly, meetings were held in New York, at which "some of the most representative citizens" signified their willingness to contribute; it was determined that the purchase should be made by general subscription, and a representative of Tammany Hall was sent abroad to negotiate for what may be described as a free Killarney.


A. G. PECK.

But on July 23 the announcement was made in a cable despatch from London that the Muckross estates had been bought by A. G. Peck, an American, formerly owner of a manufactory of axes at Cohoes, now living in London. As it did not plainly appear that Mr. Peck was an agent of "some of the most representative citizens," or had, in fine, other axes than his own to grind in this matter, conjecture found not a little room in which to disport itself. Mr. Peck became famous more easily than those who go to war, and after the publicity given to the transaction it is safe to say that, whether the new owner is to be an individual or a society or a long list of subscribers, the right of all the world to travel to Killarney and there distribute moneys has been plainly and openly asserted, and that for this excellent reason the immediate danger of "dire distress" seems to be averted.

Cleveland Strikes

Cleveland, Ohio, *July 28.*

A LITTLE diplomacy might have prevented the street-car employés' strike, which has been seriously obstructing business in this city. After an all-night session that began at eight o'clock Sunday, July 16, and ended at daylight the following day, the employés of the Cleveland Electric Railway, generally known as "The Big Consolidated," decided to go on strike immediately. The decision was followed by prompt action, and at four o'clock every line of the company was tied up tight. It was not until the middle of the forenoon of the same day that the company succeeded in running a few cars with non-union operatives. From that time until the present the company has been adding to its force of non-union men, until it has now, including two hundred private detectives, more than six hundred men working in the capacity of either motormen or conductors.

Dissatisfaction with the company's construction of the agreement entered into in the settlement of the June strike is the cause of the present strike. The union employés of the railway company became satisfied that the company intended gradually to weed out all of its union employés. What strengthened this belief in their minds was the fact that during the two weeks following the first strike and previous to the second the company discharged twenty-seven union men. Foreseeing in this act the eventual disruption of the union, the men met and, without a word of warning to the company beyond the individual protests of the discharged men, the strike was declared. The two opposing forces have been exceedingly active during the ten days of the strike. The strikers' efforts were centred on securing the sympathy of the public. In this endeavor they have succeeded to an admirable degree, so that the cars of the company, although operated on nearly all the lines, were not patronized to any great degree. During the busiest hours of the day, however, the company secured some traffic, and, to cut this out, another plan of aggressive action was instituted and followed out. The effort was made successfully to frighten that class of people who did not extend their sympathy to the strikers; bombs were placed on the track in various parts of the city, and several cars were wrecked, in one instance fourteen passengers being injured. The use of the explosives has had the desired effect, and the cars of the Big Consolidated are running practically empty.

Riots have been enacted in almost every quarter of the city nearly every day. Mayor Farley, who is an intensely democratic man, sought to end the riots by argument. He thought that the people who extended their sympathy to the strikers to such an extent as to lead them to destroy the property of the street-railway company could be reasoned with. He found out his mistake after a week's vain endeavor in that direction, decided that force and force alone would establish order, and called out the military to provide the necessary force. The appearance of National Guardsmen, many of whom saw service in the Spanish war, in the streets of Cleveland had a salutary effect on the lower class, which class did the most to promote the riots. In one district of the city, the Jewish quarter, it was not until one young man had been killed that the rioters could be made to understand that the authorities intended that law and order should prevail.

A peculiar attribute of the rising is the fact that only one of the strikers has been found among the rioters. This fact lends color to the claim of the strikers that they are in no wise promoting the attacks on the property of the street-car company.

Although thoroughly familiar with every detail of the strike, with every move made by the opposing forces, I must confess that I am utterly unable to prophesy with any degree of satisfaction to myself what the result of the strike will be. Company and men are defiant. Each side says it will never surrender. Each is resorting to every possible device to win. The company is losing more than five thousand dollars a day, and an official said yesterday that if it cost the company the road, it would never surrender. The strikers have money—more money than they need. They have the sympathy of the working classes, and have aroused the fear of the wealthier classes. By the aid of the military, the company is able to run its cars, although no car, even guarded, makes a trip without being made the target of bullets or stones. Charles O. Pratt, who is conducting the strike, possesses an interesting personality. He is thirty-one years of age, slight, of dark complexion, possessing regular, well-arranged features. He is what would be called a good-looking man. He is well educated and temperate. He is a strong man for the position he holds, because of the fact that he has those characteristics, rare in the individual, which make many friends and no enemies—a potent force for good or bad.

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land Electric Railway Company, is a man of resources, and perhaps with a less able antagonist than Mr. Pratt he would have been victorious before now. In the interim between the two strikes Mr. Everett did not realize how serious the grumbling of the union men was, nor what it portended, and the strikers tell me that, had he been a little more cordial when employés came to him with complaints, the second strike would not have been declared.

The authorities have had much trouble on the South Side, where mobs of thousands have congregated, stoned cars, attacked non-union operatives, policemen, and soldiers.

A very dramatic scene was enacted on the South Side last Sunday when a Roman Catholic priest defied a mob of 2500 rioters and rescued from their clutches and the death they intended to visit on them two badly battered policemen. In the priest's voice was determination, in the glance of his eye vigor, as he commanded, "In the name of the Church, I defy you to touch these men." With his arms extended over their heads in the form of a benediction he made a grand figure, and the mob sullenly made a passage through which the priest escorted the men he had rescued.

President Everett is firmly of the opinion that he has already treated his former employés too well. He conceded many points to them, but insisted that he be allowed to conduct his own road. He declared to me yesterday that under no circumstances would he take back one of the strikers.

George P. Edwards.

Old-Age Pensions in New Zealand

THE people of New Zealand have now had a year's experience of the working of their last great experiment in state socialism, and so far they appear to look upon it as a success. The press of the colony has been reporting and the people seem to have been watching its operation with close attention, and evidently with general approval; the party in opposition, which last year yielded a very reluctant consent to its enactment, now express themselves, through their leaders, as satisfied that it deserves at least a fair trial, while the party of the government are jubilant as to its success, and hint at an early extension of its benefits.

It is difficult for communities that have not accustomed themselves in any degree to regard matters from the state socialist's point of view to put themselves at all in the position which appears to be natural to the people and legislature of Britain's interesting antipodean colony. A glance at the provisions of the act itself will make this plain to most people who are accustomed to the ordinary legislation of this country, for instance. The peculiarity of the New Zealand statute begins almost with its first words; for while, as a rule, the preambles of statutes throw little light upon the intentions and objects of the legislatures that enact them, that of "The Old-Age Pensions Act" of New Zealand is plain and outspoken to an unusual degree. It runs as follows: "Whereas it is equitable that deserving persons who, during the prime of life, have helped to bear the public burdens of the colony by the payment of taxes, and to open up its resources by their skill and labor, should receive from the colony a pension in their old age,—Be it therefore enacted—" Here it is to be noticed at once that the Parliament of New Zealand sweeps aside with a single motion nearly the whole of the arguments that have ordinarily been made use of by those who advocated state pensions in other countries, whether on grounds of humanity or expediency, and substitutes one which is properly socialistic. It is not because humanity demands that the community shall not allow the aged to starve that New Zealand grants them pensions; it is not because charity can in this way be made more effective and less degrading, and in the end probably even less expensive; on the contrary, it is because the community owes its aged members the provision by which they may be freed from care and poverty in their old age. The statement which is the basis of the act is that every man or woman who has conducted himself or herself as a good citizen, and has during the prime of life helped to pay the taxes of the country, and by his or her work added to its wealth, has an equitable claim upon its citizens for support in old age.

The act goes on to define the length of residence which is held sufficient to entitle the citizen to this support, the age at which the right to it shall accrue, and the amount which the state ought to insure to each of its older citizens. Twenty-five years is fixed as the term of continuous residence in the colony, sixty-five the age at which the right to a pension accrues to each man and woman in the colony, and $5 a week the amount which the law regards as a sufficient sum to maintain each person in reasonable comfort. The financial provision is at once the most intricate and the least satisfactory, it would seem, to the colony, and it is evidently the one which will be amended at the earliest opportunity. The object sought to be attained was apparently to supplement the probable means of each old person by the addition of enough to make up $5 a week, but, probably from a wish to avoid opposition to the scheme, the pension was limited to $90 a year, or such less sum as would, along with such means as the applicant already possessed, make up a total income of $260 a year. It appeared that the government had arrived at the conclusion that old people in New Zealand have, as a rule, saved something, or at least have a home of their own, and they arrived at a rough estimate that, on an average, their means would amount to about $170 a year.

The statute contains very full and sensible provisions for the prevention of any frauds by applicants, some of which might be introduced with advantage into the pension laws of other countries. One of these is that all claims made must be investigated in open court in the district in which the applicant has resided, and the certificate of the judge alone entitles the applicant to payment. It is characteristic of New Zealand legislation that, as far as possible, it removes from both the legislature and the executive every temptation to favoritism in appointments, and this principle is carefully carried out in respect to pensions. The pensions, also, are to be held only during good behavior, and so long as the pensioner remains in the financial position in which he was when it was granted, so that a conviction for crime, or repeated convictions for drunkenness, will deprive the pensioner of his gratuity. The objections have been almost wholly confined to the inadequacy of the provision made by the law for the class of persons who have little or nothing laid up. In such cases, it is pointed out, the law makes no adequate provision for securing such a living as it declares every respectable citizen entitled to, and it is evident that in this respect public opinion will demand an alteration. The result will be that the pension list will not, indeed, include more persons, but will assuredly involve an expenditure which is roughly calculated at rather more than twice as much as the present charge. There are, it appears, between seven and eight thousand persons, of both sexes, now entitled to pensions in New Zealand under the act, and it is calculated that about $1,200,000 a year will be required to insure to each of these the full income of $5 a week designed by the law. This will involve a charge of about $1 50 on every New Zealand colonist; but, to judge from the tone both of the press and the political leaders, the amount does not appear to frighten them. It is boldly claimed by the government that no money spent out of public funds has ever been spent to better advantage, and the tacit admissions of the opposition would seem at least to show that the idea is a popular one.

The experiment when made was professedly only temporary. The act was to remain in force for two years only, unless re-enacted by the parliament. This was undoubtedly a concession to its opponents, and was probably a wise concession. There can be little doubt that when the New Zealand Old-Age Pensions Act expires by limitation of time in 1900 it will be followed by another statute, framed on the same general principles, but so far extended in its operation as to insure to the aged citizens of the colony the full provision in all cases which is declared by the law itself to be equitable. It would, of course, be premature to argue as to the full social results likely to flow from such a distinct departure from usage as this involves from so short an experience, and still more to attempt to draw from it arguments as to its effect if applied to different conditions and on a larger scale, but it can hardly be questioned that the civilized world owes something to New Zealand for making the experiment.

H. H. Lusk.

President Heureaux

GENERAL D. U. HEUREAUX, President of the Dominican Republic, Santo Domingo, was assassinated at Moca, a town about forty miles south of Puerto Plata, on July 26. The tragedy was a characteristic manifestation of lawless tendencies which President Heureaux had been endeavoring to hold in check ever since 1882. Annual revolutions and attempts on his life had followed each other in the relation of cause and effect; it was necessary to put down the uprisings with a strong hand, and new strong enemies arose in this half-savage community after every repressive effort. The opportunity to strike a man well skilled in defence and usually on his guard was found, the other day, when the President was travelling through the country on a peaceful errand. He was about to enter the house of one of his friends at Moca, and at that moment three men attacked him, wounding him fatally with their revolvers.

The Vice-President of the republic, General Wenceslao Figuereo, assumed the Presidential functions; an alteration in the personnel of the executive had been made with just a little more than the customary emphasis; the island, as a whole, was quiet, and the shadow which has rested upon it for a century did not grow perceptibly darker. In fact, it was remembered to the dead man's credit that he had so safeguarded tranquillity that a beginning of better conditions had actually been made, and the task of his successor lightened.

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